THE ATLIN CLAIM.

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THE PREMIER.

Visits the Atlin Mining Co. on McKee Creek.

R. D. Fetherstonhaugh Proves Himself A Royal Host.—Visitors Pick Up Gold in Quantities.

At the kind invitation of Mr. R. D. Fetherstonhaugh, manager of the Atlin Mining Co. The Hon. Richard McBride, Premier and Minister of Lands and Works, the Hon. A. E. McPhillips, Attorney General and Mr. W. McNeill, assistant to the Minister of Lands and Works, accompanied by a large concourse of the most influential residents in the community, left on the Scotia Thursday morning to pay a visit to the Atlin Mining Co's hydraulic mine on McKee Creek.

Arriving at the mouth of McKee the party disembarked, a stage, taken up for the purpose, drove part of the guests up to the mines, whilst many preferred the really pleasant walk.

On arriving, the guests were soon busy trying their luck on bed rock and without exception every one in the party succeeded in getting a few nuggets which they will guard with care as a souvenir of the occasion.

The visitors were greatly impressed with the Company's workings and were evidently surprised at the quantity of gold in sight.

An abundant and excellent dinner was served in the company's messroom at which ample justice was done to the cook's tasty preparations. After satisfying the inner man, cigars were served and toasts drank to the Host, the Premier, and the Attorney General.

The Premier, in replying to the toast made reference to the property and the district and remarked that the Atlin Mining Co.'s property was one of the most prominent mines operating in British Columbia and that Atlin was the Greatest Gold Mining Division of B. C., he paid high compliment to the pluck and energy displayed by Mr. Fetherstonhaugh who had in spite of divers opinions expressed in the earlier stage of his operations, proved the property to be a valuable one and had made it a dividend producing investment.

The Attorney General, Judge Henderson and other speakers followed. Mr. R. D. Fetherstonhaugh replied in well chosen words with his usual modesty, remarking that he had today the making of a great mine which was today working at a profit.

A pleasant drive back to the Scotia which brought the guests back to Atlin concluded a very pleasant and instructive trip, thouroughly enjoyed by one and all who were there. Too much cannot be said of Mr. Fetherstonhaugh as a host and the party were unanimous in voting him a royal good fellow.

The following is a list of the invited guests: J. A Fraser, Gold Commissioner, His Hon. Judge Henderson, A. L. Belyea, K. C. J. P. Rogers, Supt. W. P. Ry., J. R. Vancleve, I. W. Dudley J. Lipscombe, H. B. Dunn, A. C. Hirschfeld, S. H. Plumbe, A. T. Kappele, R. Jamieson, and W. P. Grant.

The Campaign Begins.

A well attended meeting was held in the A. O. U. W. Hall, Atlin, to hear the Hon. Richard McBride, Premier and the Hon. A. E. McPhillips, Attorney General address the electors of this District. Dr. Young was in the chair and introduced the Premeir, when an urgent call from the Hospital, caused him to ask Mr. A. S. Crops to take his place.

The Premier, who was welcomed with great enthusiasm, outlined the policy of the Conservative party and expounded his views on the political situation and asked the electors to support the Conservative party which had appealed to the country for endorsation on Party Lines.

The Attorney General gave a clear, logical speech in favor of the present Conservative Government which he claimed would stand loyally by the local men, especially the miner and prospector, and with a man like the Hon. Premier, as head of the party and a friend of the District, he thought that the electors should give him the opportunity of ruling the Province for the next four years.

The meeting terminated by giving three good hearty cheers for the Premier and the singing of the National Anthem.

The Premiers Tour of the Province.

The Hon. Richard McBride Premier and Chief Commissioner of Lands and works accompanied by the Hon. A. E. McPhillips, Attorney General, arrived in Atlin last Wednesday morning.

Included in the Premiers party is Mr. Wm. McNeill, assistant to the Minister of Lands and Works.

Mr. McBride left Victoria about two weeks ago and visited the Skeena constituency before coming here. Meetings were held in the interest of Mr. Charles Clifford, conservative candidate for the Skeena Division at Bella Coola, Hagensburg and Port Essington at all of which addresses were delivered by the conservative candidate and by the Premier and the Attorney General.

All of those meetings were enthusiastically in favor of the Conservative Nominee and there is no doubt whatever but that Mr. Clifford will be returned by a very large majority.

Previous to embarking on this northern trip the Premier accompanied by Mr. McNeill made a tour of the Kootenay's East and West and he is confident of victory for the Conservative Party.

While in Atlin, Mr. McBride will also look into the question of better road facilities for this district together with other matters which are of vital interest to the camp.

This is not Mr. McBride's first visit to the camp as he was here for a few months in 1899 and is well and favorably known to many of the old timers.

MCKEE CREEK.

The Atlin Mining Co. Bring Down Another 50 lbs.

The Result of 8 1-2 Days Work With Only One Monitor in use. Bigger Clean-ups In Sight.

Mr. Fetherstonhaugh, Manager of the Atlin Mining Co. brought down 600 ounces of gold, representing the return for an eight and one-half days' run on their McKee Creek property.

The gold was all of a very coarse nuggety character and our visiting friends from Pennsylvania, at the invitation of Mr. Fetherstonhaugh, had the pleasure of seeing this last clean-up spread out in the office of the Bank of Commerce. The approximate value of the gold is about $10,000.

Yellow Jacket Mine.

The stamp mill will next week, commence crushing ore from the Yellow Jacket Mine on Pine Creek, as the quartz is known to be rich it is expected that a good sized Brick will soon be taken off the plates.

Choynski Wins Back His Laurels.

Dawson,—Joe Choynski knocked out Nick Burley in the seventh round. The fight was fast and furious from the first round and at the 5th and 6th round it looked like Burley's winning.

In the seventh both men were bleeding badly; Joe landed a terrible swing on Burley's left jaw putting him down and out.

Latest Telegrams.

Vancouver 13th.—Pius x. had severe fainting fit on Tuesday. Weakness due to exacting ceremonies.

Ottawa.—Last Tueday, Mr. Blair spoke for four hours against Railway policy government. He said trans-continental scheme was entered into without full consideration.

Victoria 14.—Capt. John Irving says today that he would run for Atlin if the conservative convention so decided.

Toronto.—Big Conservative picnic held at Hanlans Point Toronto last Wednesday. Ontario speakers said Ontario was anxious for federal elections. Messrs. Peter, Whitney, Clarke, Roblin, Olser, Gamey, Pope, Pelletier and others spoke.

Thugs In Seattle.

Thomas Lippy, the Klondyke capitalist was held up by two men in his own home at Seattle last week. Mr. Lippy was badly beaten and robbed of two watches and some money. One of the burglars, George Vanhurst, was arrested and made a confession.

IN THE COUNTY COURT.

Before His Honor Judge Henderson.

Since His Honor Judge Henderson arrived in Atlin the following cases have been disposed of.

Northern Lumber Co. V Sam Johnson, action for $134.38 debt. Judgment for defendant.

Grant for Plaintiff, Garrett for Defendant.

Roselli V Ford. Action for $40 debt. Judgement for Plainliff for $20. Kappele for Plaintiff Garrett for Defendant.

Smith V Ruffner and Banon. Action for rent and damages.

The trial occupied one day. Judgment reserved. Kappele and Grant for Plaintiff, Garrett for Defendant.

Miller V Ruffner and Talbot.

This action is one of vital interest to the camp in general, involving as it does a question of the powers of the Gold Commissioner under the Act as amended, as well as calling in question the practice adopted in the office of the Mining Recorder.

The trial lasted three days and and after hearing argument by Counsel, His Honor reserved Judgment.

Kappele and Grant for Plaintiff, Sawers for Defendant Palmer and Garrett for Defendant Talbot.

The Models of Paris

"Where there are painters there must be models, and in Paris, where the artistic population is the largest and most cosmopolitan in the world, the models, if they could be brought together in one company, would make a little world of small comedies and large tragedies," writes Virginia Blanchard in the "English Illustrated Magazine."

"As a rule, they know one another only as other people do, according to their common successes and common failures. The better class women of the profession—that is, those whose gifts have earned for them the honor of posing for great painters—always say in reply to enquiries, 'Oh, I don't know any models!' in a tone which says, 'My dear sir, though my beauty is such I cannot escape the importunities of painters, and I have consented to make the world the happier for my having been created, still, you must not make the mistake of supposing me to be an ordinary model.' Her case is an exceptional one. I have known a great many exceptional cases; in fact, there is quite a colony of them.

"Before the mists are scattered along Rue Duperre by a tardy sun rising above the white towers of Sacre Coeur, on the heights of Montmartre, when the goatherd, in his blue smock and sabots, has driven his flock before the wild music of his pipe along Rue des Martyrs beyond Montmartre, into suburban Paris, there is a gathering of the brotherhood of models around the fountain of Place Pigalle. They gather there every Monday morning of the year. It is an old custom of the quarter, the origin of which is forgotten in the melee of traditions.

"It is a strange group of humanity, these models, in their varied and eccentric costumes. Velveteens, long cloaks (which drape the figure with a certain picturesque grace), wide soft hats, and long hair seem to be the accepted mode, as well as the peasant's costume of Italy, which the women sometimes wear. The men who possess costumes usually carry them in a bag of bright stuff under their long cloaks.

"The commanding Raphael, whose name, no doubt, was chosen after his choice of profession, occupies the central position, partly by reason of his great height and also because he is a bulwark around which the weaker members cling. He is to a limited extent a born tragedian. His natural pose is one of uncompromising fierceness. He, the mildest-hearted of old poseurs, would make a splendid model for a bandit, with his fierce brows, long wild locks and beard.

"A little pathetic, faded, grimy figure by his side is 'grand mere,' as they call her, an old, gray-haired woman, still hugging the illusions of her youth, and waiting in the tawdry splendor of her national costume for the painters who used to celebrate her, and who have long since passed by for the last time. The kindly Raphael taps his brow significantly, and murmurs 'Elle est folle!'

"And that little rogue Jean Dagnano of the glorious melancholy eyes! It is not often that Jean joins the group at the Place, for he is a much-requested model, and his engagements are made ahead, but sometimes he comes looking like a little old man in his long trousers, much too big for him, and great hat which reposes comically over his ears. But even in those absurd clothes he has a certain charm—the union of the ludicrous with the beautiful.

"The young Madonna but recently come from the vineyards of Italy, her brown cheeks still warm with Southern sunshine, has learned the value of a sweetly maternal expression, and is always provided with an enfant of the proper age, even when she must rent it!

"The painter descends from his heights at an early hour, and proceeds slowly to the Place. He appears in the distance! The curtain has risen, the play has begun!

"Raphael, with a step forward, tosses his head and knits his shaggy brows into their fiercest expression; the elder Dagnano turns his martyred eyes heavenward; the Madonna rests hers tenderly on the infant for whom she is paying a franc a day; the short man with the bushy hair, whose figure shed of its strange garments is a model of athletic power, turns his back (which is his good point) and demands a light of his gay friend! If it is all acting it is not bad art. Each performer has perfected his role in this one-act pantomime of the streets until it rivals the performances of the Odeon! The happy model who walks away in the footsteps of the velveteened, long-haired painter of the quarter is as real in his part as is his patron. And, after all, it is such a pleasing, pretty part! Who would essay to separate the real from the make-believe; the sentiment from the color of it; the passion from the show of it, in delightful Paris!

"It is all art; and if in the pursuit of the beautiful they forget the truth, if the original idea is lost in the thousand seductive bypaths of art, still we have, once or twice in a century, a Millet or a Rodin to sound a recall to the stern Mother."

Expensive.

It was a beautiful evening in the Spring of 2001. The moon shone pale and transcendent in the clouds above, and as the two lovers sat close together, no sound was heard save the stealthy tread of the one spectator to their tryst.

The young man pressed the maiden to his heart, and turning her face to his, was about to kiss her, when she drew back.

"Darling," she asked anxiously, "what is the tax on kisses?"

"One dollar each," he observed grimly, "but I don't care if my salary is mortgaged up to next Christmas. I'm desperate for a kiss."

"Don't!" she said pleadingly. "The tax assessor is watching our every movement and is ready to chalk it down. You know, even now, it is costing you fifty cents an hour to be with me."

"I know it!" exclaimed her lover, "but, my darling, aside from our own cramped finances, you know the trusts must live. The head of the Lovers' Trust is only worth eight trillions, and suppose we should go out of business! Why, his dividends might be cut down. No, no. Let us love, even if the tax is raised to a dollar an hour and there is no bread in the house. I must be true to my country's best interests."

"You are right," she said, yielding to his superior mind.

And as their lips met in a long, lingering dollar kiss, the registering machine, planted twenty feet back of them, clicked out its ominous sound, showing that John Jones, American citizen, had been locked for one kiss by the United States Amalgamated Lovers' Trust.—"Life."

A Very Impolite Dog.

A man in New York State, writes a correspondent, is the owner of a small but pure-blooded Skye terrier, named Rex, whose intelligence is remarkable. Some of Rex's bright performances certainly are the result of reasoning power, which used to be regarded as the gift of the human family only.

Rex sleeps at the foot of his master's bed, upon a soft rug of his own. He is a dog of good habits, better behaved than many children, in fact; but, like a child, he insists upon his rights: his own spot before the fire, his own corner of the sofa, his own bed and, what is most interesting, his own bedtime.

Often in the evening when visitors remain beyond ten o'clock, Rex enters the parlor, walks anxiously about, and lies down in the very midst of the circle with a wearied air that cannot be mistaken. If the visitors still remain, he will rise and yawn, then mildly whine, and with rapidly wagging tail seek his master's side and look expectantly up into his face, as if to say, "Why don't they go, so that we may retire?"

If all these tactics fail, he will drop his ears and tail and walk to the door, sometimes giving a sharp, cross bark, his whole manner indicating deep disapproval of such late hours.

Twice in his life he has done more than to hint at his wishes on occasions of this kind.

One wet evening a stranger, who was calling upon Rex's mistress, left his rubbers near the hall door. With the privilege of an old friend, his call was extended beyond the hour for Rex's retirement. As usual, the dog displayed his sleepiness and evident opinion that the gentleman was outstaying his welcome, but no notice was taken of him until, with an air of desperation, he marched into the parlor with one of the caller's rubbers, laid it at his feet, and then quickly returned with the other, which he placed beside it. Then, with a triumphant gleam in his eyes, he backed off and stood looking at the stranger as if to say, "There! Do you understand that hint?"

His second exploit was even more remarkable. On this occasion a half-dozen people had been playing whist with his master and mistress. When the game was over, between ten and eleven o'clock, they still stood or sat about the room, engaged in conversation.

Rex was tired, and thoroughly out of humor. No one seemed to give a thought to him, and nothing that he could do attracted any attention. There were too many visitors to urge them all to depart by producing their overshoes, even if they wore them, but a brilliant idea came to him. He dashed upstairs to the sleeping-rooms, seized his master's nightgown, which lay ready for use upon the bed, and, dragging it behind him, spread it at his master's feet in the parlor below, in full view of the assembled guests.

This stratagem was a brilliant success, for, amid shouts of laughter and the consternation of the master, the callers said good-night.

Antipathies of Great Men.

It is a natural human trait to desire kinship with great minds, and partly for this reason the world loves to hear of the little weaknesses, inconsistencies, and illogical prejudices of its intellectual giants. The following, then, a carefully compiled and, so far as the writer knows, absolutely authentic list of the antipathies of certain past-masters, may prove of general interest, thinks "Punch":

Shakespeare, it seems, disliked a forced abstention from victuals.

Lord Chesterfield hated to have the chair upon which he was just sitting down withdrawn from under him.

The Iron Duke (and it may be remarked in passing that Lord Roberts of our own day has a similar aversion) would grow quite uneasy if shut up in the same room with a mad dog.

Dr. Abernethy, a man proverbially intolerant of mere fads and crotchets, had yet a strong personal objection to sleeping in damp sheets.

Schiller would never, if he could avoid it, write with a broken nib.

Carlyle never liked being alluded to as a "blithering idiot."

Keats would go out of his way to avoid a lunatic with a knife.

Faraday, the great chemist, disliked the sensation of nitric acid on his hands.

Macready had a great disrelish for either the flavor or perfume of bad eggs.

Mendelssohn did not like the sound of a finger-nail being drawn across a slate. A thumb-nail caused him similar disquiet.

Disraeli would walk about or stand rather than sit upon a freshly-painted bench.

Dr. Johnson hated to have anyone run and butt him in the waistcoat.

Sir Walter Raleigh had a marked objection to prison life; and Lord Burleigh, his great contemporary, never liked to slip off a curbstone with his tongue between his teeth.

Interested Motives.

The first missionaries who landed in New Guinea had many difficulties to contend with, of which the most persistent was the suspicion of the natives.

The Rev. James Chalmers, who was there twenty years ago, says the prevailing theory was that the missionaries had been compelled to leave their own land on account of hunger. This was the conversation that took place shortly after his landing:

"What is the name of your country?"

"Beritani," which is the native corruption of Great Britain.

"Is it a large land?"

"Yes."

"What is your chief?"

"A woman named Victoria."

"What! A woman?"

"Yes, and she has great power."

"Why did you leave your country?"

"To teach you, and to tell you of the great Spirit Who loves us all."

"Have you cocoanuts in your country?"

"No."

"Have you yams?"

"No."

"Have you sago?"

"No."

"Have you sweet potatoes?"

"No."

"Have you breadfruit?"

"No."

"Have you plenty of hoop-iron and tomahawks?"

"Yes, a great abundance."

"We understand now why you have come. You have nothing to eat in Beritani, but have plenty of tomahawks and hoop-iron with which you can buy food."

M. A. P. on Amusements.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, in his Mainly About People (May 23), joins in the crusade against bridge, and in part says:—"Life would be tolerable but for its amusements," said a great politician and a philosopher of the sixties. What would he have said if he had lived to our days? The campaign against "bridge," which The Daily Express is waging, is one of the marks of the revolt which is rising against our present methods and habits of life. It is a campaign with which I have great sympathy. I remember talking some years ago to a lady of great beauty and social popularity, who told me she had almost abandoned visits to country houses, simply because she hated bridge so much, and she found that nobody who did not love bridge was regarded with any favor any more in the country house. The mere playing of bridge, of course, is not an offence in itself; a game of cards is a very harmless and often a very necessary relaxation after the hard work of the day. I confess there was a time when I played cards nearly every night of my life, and I found it very healthy to enjoy for some hours complete forgetfulness of all the labors and worries of my life. I must add that I chose the most idiotic game of cards I could find—an American game called casino—and that I never played for money. There are only two conditions on which any person ought to gamble; the first, of course, is that he should be always certain to win; and the second, that he should be equally sure that the people from whom he won could afford to lose. In other words, as these two conditions can never be present, one should never gamble at all. How anybody is able to sit down at the table of a friend, or to allow a friend to sit down at his table and lose money or win money from that friend, which he is unable to afford, passes my comprehension. And yet I was told by that same lady to whom I alluded at the beginning of this article that she has seen men and women exchange large checks with each other on the morning of the day when the house party was breaking up, and the guests were scattering to their different destinations. People will differ about these things, but I would regard a country house, if I owned one, where such things took place, as sunk to the level of Ratcliffe Highway. To my poor judgment, vulgarity could not get much further than turning one's house into a gambling saloon. Gambling has always existed, perhaps may always exist, but undoubtedly the invention of bridge has brought with it an increase of the spirit and the practice to quite an alarming extent. Who, five or ten years ago, would have thought it possible that sane men and women, and, above all, that young girls would sit down in the middle of the day or in the early afternoon and start to gamble? Who would have believed it possible that men and women of good station and of decent surroundings would stop up all night gambling, and that, again, young women would be found amongst the keenest and the most eager of the players with the cards? Yet these things now constantly take place, and indeed a young woman of certain sections of society who does not play bridge and does not gamble would be voted a mere prudish frump. It is high time that protests were raised against all this madness and vulgarity, and I am glad to see that certain newspapers and preachers have the courage to take up the crusade.

Wanted to Work For Herself.

The following story has been going the rounds of the British press:—A young Russian woman of the aristocratic class, highly educated, and the only daughter of an official well up in the Government service, who disappeared mysteriously about fours years ago, has just been discovered in the person of "Alexander Rodishevsky," under which name she was masquerading as a man and acting in the capacity of a foreman of the railway. She had been most carefully reared, and at the time of her disappearance was about to return to the university where she had already made some notable successes. When found the girl explained that her intention was to rise to an eminent position in the State by her own unaided efforts, and then to give a brilliant example to the world of the facts which woman, when she really wills, is capable of achieving. The fellow-workers of Alexander Rodishevsky on the railway say that he was industrious and ambitious and received rapid promotion. Many of them had predicted that he would rise to become Minister of Ways and Communications.

Was Punished Enough.

A very subdued looking boy of about thirteen years, with a long scratch on his nose and an air of general dejection, came to his teacher in one of the Boston public schools and handed her a note before taking his seat and becoming deeply absorbed in his book. The note read as follows: "Miss B.: Please excuse James for not being thare yesterday. He played troosant, but I gess you don't need to lick him for it, as the boy he played troosant with an' him fell out, an' the boy licked him, an' a man they sassed caught him an' licked him, an' a driver of a sled they hung onto licked him also. Then his pa licked him, an' I had to give him another for sassing me for telling his pa, so you need not lick him until next time.

SHE SIGNALS ALL SAILORS.

"The Little Lighthouse Girl" Never Fails to Greet Ships That Pass.

Sailormen who navigate the seas on the South Atlantic coast are always glad when they near the harbor of Savannah, for that means that they will pass within saluting distance of "the little lighthouse girl." This, be it understood, is the officially accepted title of Miss Florence Martus, who has for the last eleven years waved a friendly signal to every craft passing between the city and the sea. It is the hobby of this young girl to greet the ships that go and wish them a safe return, and greet the ships that come and congratulate them on their voyage. She says that the ships are her world. She hasn't much world outside of the marine houses, to be sure, for she lives with her brother and her mother on the bleakest, most uninviting island imaginable on the southern bank of the Savanah River, ten miles from town.

The Martus dwelling is the only habitation on Elba Island. There is no landing wharf and visitors arrive on an average once a year. George Martus attends to the range of lights which keep the pilots in the right part of the most tortuous channel in that part of the ocean. Besides the lighthouse is the cottage where these three persons spend their lives. The barks, the steamers, the schooners and the various other craft never get near enough for an exchange of greetings other than that expressive form of good will, the waving of a handkerchif by day and of a lantern by night. And as the girl sends out her welcome the seamen, who all know her and who would resent the elimination of the ceremony which she has popularized, send back an answering salute, three "toots" of the steam whistle. Then Miss Martus is as happy as a belle at a debutante party.

It is her desire that no vessel shall pass the lighthouse without receiving a salute. She never overlooks a sail in the daytime, and her handkerchief is ever ready for its service of cordiality. And at night she seems to feel intuitively the approach of her ships, for she has frequently made ready the lantern before the expected boat hove in sight. She says it is her ambition to signal every ship that touches Savannah. She was asked her reason for signalling the passing sea throng.

"I do it," she answered, "because they are my friends, almost the only friends I have. I love to see them come and go, and when they go I always pray for their safe return."

Do to Others, Etc.

Little Johnnie—I wonder why men always like to talk about their school days?

Little Willie—Oh, I guess it's because after they get growed up they want to find out where their teachers live so they can do unto them as they got done by.

London women have decided to revive the bonnet. Picture hats, toques and flares look well on pretty women, but in a bonnet a pretty woman looks her prettiest.—"Town Topics."

Remarkable Dog in Trip.

With the departure of Lieutenant-Commander C. S. Richmond from League Island he having been detached from the command of the Dixie and ordered to take the Pensacola from Mare Island, Cal., to Gaum, there has disappeared from the navy yard one of the sights, the commander's three legged dog. This animal has been the officer's constant companion on land and sea since the recent war, and, with its master, was in the thickest of some of the engagements off Cuba. The dog is known as Trip, because he has only three legs, the left front limb having been cut clean off in the war by a shell from a land battery on the Cuban shore. The dog is of the mongrel order, his owner having picked him up while at one of the southern ports. Commander Richman declares that Trip must go wherever his master is ordered, and so the dog is off for Gaum. The sailors on the different vessels on which Trip has journeyed with his proud owner spent much of their spare time teaching him tricks, and he is now able to give a very entertaining acrobatic performance. He turns front and back somersaults, but his principal act is to stand on his lone front leg. For minutes he will thus poise himself, with his tail sticking up in the air.

HE'S AT WORK ONCE MORE

Simon V. Landry Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills

Had Lame Back, Weak Legs, and was a Total Wreck before he was induced to Try the great Kidney Remedy.

River Bourgeois, Richmond Co., C. B., June 22.—(Special).—One more remarkable cure has been credited to Dodd's Kidney Pills in this neighborhood, and the story is best told in the words of Simon V. Landry, the man cured. Mr. Landry says:

"I was bothered for over a year with Lame Back, Weak Legs, and Palpitation of the Heart and general weakness and shortness of breath. In fact I was a total wreck. I could not work as I got tired and weak so easy.

"I also had a weakness in my stomach, and it was so bad that I could not bend down to anything. I tried many medicines without getting any relief till I was induced to try Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"After I had used three boxes of them I was able to start work again. I recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to everybody."

It is cures like these that give Dodd's Kidney Pills their popularity. They not only relieve but make people able and willing to work.

Nat Goodwin was examining a canvas at an art exhibit in Boston the other day, when the painter of the picture approached him and said: "You seem to like that picture?" "Like it!" answered Goodwin. "A man who would perpetrate a thing like that ought to get six months." This was too much for the artist. "Why, what do you know about painting?" he exclaimed. "You're only an actor. How can you know a bad picture? You never painted one." "No," drawled Goodwin, "that's true enough. But I know a bad egg when I run across it, and, would you believe it, I never laid one either."

When Dr. Sewell, for many years warden of New College, Oxford, was seriously ill, about a year ago, the fellows of the college, and, indeed, all his friends despaired of his life. The senior fellow at the time, wishing to have all things in order, wrote to the Home Secretary for leave to bury the warden in the college chapel. Before the next college meeting the warden had recovered. He presided at the meeting, and with no little enjoyment read out the Home Office's letter permitting his own burial. "It gives me great pleasure," said he, "to congratulate the senior fellow on his admirable promptitude and energy. I cannot, however, truthfully say that I regret that both were wasted."

The late Dr. Joseph Parker, the great non-conformist preacher, would accept nothing but third-class fare when he visited poor parishes, but woe to the church that had a reputation for meanness in money matters! He visited one such where, after service, the deacon said, "Well, Dr. Parker, as to your fee?" "It is fifty pounds." The deacon demurred; Dr. Parker insisted. Finally the fifty pounds was paid. Then Dr. Parker said: "Now, this is not for myself. Some time ago you had So-and-So"—mentioning a somewhat obscure minister—"to preach here. You know that his church is a struggling one and that he is a poor man with a large family. You refused to pay him more than his bare railway fares. To redeem this iniquity on your part I have charged you fifty pounds, and I shall send it on to him as his fee for the sermons he preached here."

She met him at the kitchen door with a rolling pin in her hand, and she brandished it menacingly.

"Madam," he began.

"Well, what do you want?" she demanded aggressively. "What are you hanging around here for?"

"Madam," he explained, backing away, "I called to see if I could place an accident insurance policy on your husband, but after seeing you I am satisfied he is too great a risk."—Tit-Bits.

"At the Art Students' League, where I studied in 1884 and 1885," said C. D. Gibson, the illustrator, "there used to pose for me an extremely unprepossessing man. The fellow was asked by a young girl one day how he came to be so ugly.

"'You see, miss,' he replied, 'it came about like this: When I was a baby there wasn't a prettier, sweeter child in all the land, and I should have grown up to be a very handsome and attractive man by rights, but my mother put me out to nurse, and the nurse changed me for the ugly, ill-favored creature that I am."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

ENGLISH SPAVIN LINIMENT

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To Set Her Free

By Florence Warden

Author of "The House in the Marsh," "A Prince of Darkness," etc., etc.

There was a moment's dead silence after this disagreeable speech. Astley, to Norma's great relief, took up her cause at once.

"I'm quite sure," said he, "that Norma would not have mentioned words that were not intended for her to hear except in a matter of great moment. And a wife may be excused, surely," he went on, "if she feels that to clear her husband of even the faintest suspicion of being concerned in a murder is a matter of moment."

Norma was so grateful, so deeply touched by these words and the tone in which they were uttered, that it was with difficulty she kept back the tears. Lady Myfanwy answered him at once, rather impatiently.

"If there were any serious idea of connecting you with this dreadful thing," she said, "it would be different. But there isn't. We all know you to be incapable of anything but the most honorable and chivalrous conduct. When there are real suspicions about, it will be time to talk about exonerating you."

"The suspicions are real enough, unfortunately," said Astley. "I've already heard a good many things said about me, by people who didn't know who I was, which were not pleasant hearing for any man. The question is, if the boy's mouth is being kept shut, who's to get him to speak?"

"The police, if anybody," said Lady Myfanwy.

"They've tried, I happen to know," said he, "and to no purpose. The very name of police is alarming to a lad, especially to one who has been 'got at,' as he apparently has been."

"We could listen with more interest, you know, to your account of your experiences," went on Lady Myfanwy to Norma, not using any name in addressing her, "if you would be a little more outspoken. Surely, if it is a secret, we might be trusted with it. When you appear to have come here for our advice, too."

Norma hesitated, and Astley, who began to be indignant at the tone Lady Myfanwy was taking, turned to Norma.

"Come," he said, "you will be able to talk more freely to me than you dare do here. Lady Myfanwy and Lady Violet will excuse us both, I'm sure. We may have to wire up to town for some help, and to consider what is best to be done."

"But you will come back to dinner, won't you?" said Lady Myfanwy in a pleading voice, as he made Norma rise to go. "You promised, you know!"

"Even a promise is subject to revision in a case of emergency," he said, courteously, but rather coolly; "I'm very grateful for your kindness to me, Lady Myfanwy, but I must show some regard to the wishes *of my wife*."

When they were outside in the dark and the cold again, Norma's spirits fell still lower than before. The belief that she was losing whatever hold she had upon Astley, and that Lady Myfanwy had succeeded in supplanting her in his regard, weighed upon her like lead. At the same time she tried to bear up under this new blow, and told herself that, since happiness with herself was out of the question, she ought to be glad that he had found, in the earl's daughter, a powerful friend. These feelings and thoughts made her silent, and it was Astley who spoke first. Following her down the drive, after he had been detained a few moments by the imperious Lady Myfanwy, he drew her reluctant hand through his arm and said:

"My dear, you look unhappy, horribly unhappy! What is it? Something worse than anything you have told us of?"

At the kind words, Norma felt her courage and her stoicism giving way; the next moment her tears were falling.

"Yes, there is something worse," she said. "There's—there's—Lady Myfanwy!"

Her tone told him more than her words. With an imperious action which there was no resisting, he threw his arm round her. They were by this time far away from the great house, the lights of which shone out faintly in the distance between the trees of the park.

"Silly, silly child, to be jealous!" said he.

Again the tone was more eloquent than the speech. Norma felt a little comfort steal into her heart.

"I know, oh, I know that I'm nothing to you now, that it seems impossible to hope that we can ever be happy, and—and I know I don't deserve to be!" she almost sobbed. "But—oh, to find you there, with that woman leaning over you, and talking to you in that charming, caressing way she has with the people she likes—oh, don't you see how hard it seemed? When I'd thought you were miles and miles away!"

"The reason why I was not miles away was that there was an attraction that drew me back here," said Astley gently, keeping her hand tucked under his arm. "I came back only this afternoon—a flying visit to hear whether the police had found out anything, and to learn how you were. I had scarcely got out of the station when some of the Hall people drove up, and insisted on my going back with them instead of going to an hotel, as I had intended to do. There! Are you satisfied now?"

Norma drew a shivering sigh.

"Satisfied! No," said she. "It would take more than that to make me feel anything so acute as satisfaction. I shall feel that when—when you are perfectly happy, no matter what becomes of me!"

"Would you be satisfied to see me happy with Lady Myfanwy?" he asked playfully.

But the shiver which passed through her made him grave again. She, however, tried to smile, as she said gently: "Yes, yes. If you could be happy with her, then I should be content. Really, really."

"Well, I could not," said Astley decidedly. "There's only one woman who could make me happy, and that's the wife who shall be my wife yet in the eyes of all the world!"

And he pressed upon her lips a comforting kiss of love and tenderness, which, all unreasonable as it was, gave her a little fresh hope, fresh courage.

And when he left her at the end of the lane, by her own wish, that they might not set the cottagers chattering, she walked with a lighter step and a lighter heart than when she went forth that afternoon on her errand of discovery.

In the darkness, when she came to the first cottage, she saw Nance Raggett in her doorway. After a moment's hesitation, Norma stopped to ask her how Ned was. She fancied from the woman's manner that she was uneasy about something.

"It's about him I'm worriting," answered Nance civilly enough. "The lad coom home this afternoon, and he's been greeting about t' cold, and I'm nigh sure he's downright ill. Maybe he's caught cold wearing these fine new clahes of t' doctor's."

"I thought he was ill when I met him in the wood this afternoon," said Norma.

"Ay, so he is too, and me wi' nobody to go and fetch t' doctor."

Norma said eagerly: "Let me watch him while you go."

"Oh, I doan't like for to trouble your ladyship," said Nance, looking, however, as if she felt rather grateful.

But Norma persisted in her offer, and Nance, apologetically saying she had tried to get someone from the neighboring cottages, but they were all out marketing for the next day, which was Sunday, at length availed herself of the offer, and ran in to put on her shawl, while Norma went back to her own lodging to leave her muff and gloves.

At the door of Nance's cottage they parted, Nance speeding away to the town, with her basket on her arm, after learning that Norma was quite ready to stay for a couple of hours if necessary, in charge of the invalid.

"He's lying quiet enough," said Nance, "as if he was asleep. He'll not take no notice of you, most like, your ladyship, nor so much as open his eyes. I didn't tell him as how you was so good as to coom to him."

"All right. I'll take great care of him," said Norma, as she went into the cottage.

Nance had made the sick lad a bed in the little parlor into which the front door of the cottage opened; and there he lay in the corner, just as she had said, with his eyes closed, and a dusky flush on his face.

Norma sat down without making the least noise, in a chair which was just out of his sight if he should open his eyes. She thought that the sight of her might disturb him, so that if he would sleep on quietly without knowing she was there, it would be better for him than if she were to have to soothe him by assurances that she had nothing to worry him about while he was ill.

As she sat there, recalling vividly the scene which had been enacted in that very room only a short time before, the group of startled faces, the wondering women, all crowding round the figures of Astley, the doctor and the boy, with the very same smoky little lamp, smelling strongly of paraffin, burning on the corner of the mantelpiece, Norma noticed that the invalid was beginning to grow restless, and to mutter and to turn in his uneasy sleep.

Presently he woke with a start, and looked at her, apparently without knowing who she was.

Norma offered him some water, as she was moving his lips as if thirsty; he drank a little, and then turned his head away and was quiet for a space.

Before long, however, he began to mutter, and presently Norma caught a few words of such hideous import that she listened with burning ears and wild eyes.

"No, no, I swear I swear I'll say nowt, not if they flays me, I woan't!" muttered the boy brokenly.

Then after a pause he repeated the same words, varied by the repetition of a word here and there, and then again he fell into silence.

Suddenly he sat up in bed, and stared before him with blazing eyes:

"Doan't do it, doan't do it, doctor, doan't, doan't! It's murder, murder! Murder!"

He almost shrieked the last word, and then, after a moment's silence, during which he drew his breath hard, with clenched teeth and deep moans, he fell back on the pillow with a shudder and a low cry.

Norma shook with horror. Here then was the truth, the ghastly horrible truth, wrung in his delirium from the unfortunate boy. Before she could move from where she sat, the lad began again.

"Doctor, doctor, it's murder! Yon poor chap's dead, and yo've killed him! No, no, I woan't say nowt. I woan't say nowt!"

Always the same words, varied ever so little; always the same grim horror dictating it all.

And while Norma, with her face turned to the bed, listened, terror-struck, still as a statue, something made her look up and turn to the middle of the room.

There, listening also to the boy's ravings, and witness of her presence there, was Dr. Wharles, white-faced, grim of aspect, desperate.

Norma leaped up from her seat; but, with a hand of iron, he forced her down.

CHAPTER XXII.

Norma controlled herself by a strong effort, and instead of appearing afraid of the doctor, presently looked up at him, and said:

"You frightened me at first, Dr. Wharles; but I'm very glad you've come. The boy's delirious, and his head is full of the wildest fancies."

The doctor, who still had his hand on her arm, looked at her for a moment suspiciously, and then said, in a sort of tentative way, as if uncertain whether to bully or to conciliate:

"What did he say then?"

Before Norma could answer, the voice of the lad broke out once more, crying, in a tone of abject fear:

"Doan't hurt me, doctor. I woan't say nowt, I woan't, trust me."

Norma turned her face again to the doctor, with an appearance of being deeply puzzled.

"There, he talks like that all the time," she said. "I suppose, through talking to you yesterday in the wood, where he was also on the night of the murder, he has mixed the two occasions together. Don't you think so?"

Dr. Wharles looked her full in the eyes, but Norma stood the test, returning his gaze without blinking.

"Ah, perhaps he has," said he.

But before he could say more the boy's voice cried out again, more loudly than before: "Doctor, doctor, doan't do nowt to me. I'll be as still as the dead, I woan't say as how I see yo murder him!"

In spite of all her care and caution, Norma could not repress a shudder as those wild words, earnestly uttered, came from the dry lips of the sick lad. Dr. Wharles made a sudden movement towards the bed, and she sprang up. As he turned on hearing her move, they came face to face so abruptly that there was no time for either to prepare a mask: the real thoughts, the real feelings of each were shown on the two faces: both knew the truth; that the man was a murderer, and that the woman knew it.

Norma, knowing the whole truth as certainly as if she had seen the doctor commit the crime, could not support the strain long. An irrepressible shudder ran through her, and she sank down again on the chair with her head turned away, so that she might not meet his eyes.

There was a horrible silence, broken only by the mutterings and deep-drawn breaths of the sick lad. Then, when Dr. Wharles had had time to collect his thoughts, he went up to the bed and looked at the boy.

Instantly Norma turned, watching him closely; and the doctor's fresh-colored face grew pale as he read in her eyes suspicion of his possible intention.

When he spoke, however, his voice was gentle and much softer than usual. Norma, who knew that his utterances were usually of the full-voiced sort to be expected from the full blooded type of manhood to which he belonged, thought the unnaturally subdued tones uncanny.

"You are right, Lady Darwen, the boy is full of wild fancies. I always thought he must have seen something more than he owned to on the night of the tragedy, and now I'm certain of it."

Amazed at his audacity, Norma sat stupefied, unable to make any sort of answer. The doctor took the lad's hand in his, and went on:

"I am very strongly of opinion that he knows perfectly well who committed the murder."

Seized with a sudden disgust at her own attitude in temporizing with this scoundrel, she answered recklessly, with unmistakable dryness: "And I'm sure of it!"

With a rapid glance at him she noted that the momentary pallor of his face had been succeeded by a deeper flush than before, and she knew that he took her words as a sort of challenge. He did not turn his head, however, but sat still on the boy's bed, holding his hand, and watching him.

His touch seemed to have a strange effect upon Ned Raggett. Instead of crying out as before, the lad lay very still with the exception of a slight twitching of the muscles of his face, and very silent except for occasional and indistinct mutterings.

"He seems quieter now," said the doctor, after what seemed to Norma a long pause. She made no reply. She was watching every movement of his with an eagle eye. She knew well that the man who had not hesitated at murder on one occasion, would not shrink from a repetition of the crime in order to hide the evidence of his first misdeed.

Did he mean to kill the lad, the sole possessor of his guilty secret?

Dr. Wharles turned his head suddenly, and read her fear in her eyes. He met it with a horrible smile, that showed his white teeth but did not reach his cold blue eyes.

"Don't look so frightened, Lady Darwen," said he, "the lad's not so ill as you fear. After a quiet night, he'll be better in the morning, take my word for it."

Norma looked down, and said nothing. She held the firm opinion that the doctor was very anxious that Ned should not only have a quiet night, but that he should remain quiet for ever.

There was another awkward silence. Then the doctor said, in his old voice, ringing, sonorous, cheerful:

"Would you go and ask your landlady if she would go into the town and get a little ice? I think I could make him more comfortable with an ice-bag over his forehead."

"Mrs. Giles is out," said Norma. "She's doing her Saturday night's marketing; and so are all the other neighbors, I'm afraid."

As she said this, she saw a look in the doctor's eye which sent a chill down her spine. Did he contemplate seizing the opportunity of making away not only with the sick lad, but with herself?

As he rose abruptly from his seat on the bed, the fear was so strong upon Norma that he meant to do some mischief either to her or the lad that she sprang across the room and took her place by the head of the boy's bed, glancing down at the same time at the fireplace by her side to make sure that the poker was ready to her hand in case of need.

It struck her as strange that Ned, who had been quiet and silent, even in his delirious condition, while the doctor's touch was upon him, now began to chatter and to moan again, using always the same words, with dull reiteration. And each time that he called upon the doctor "not to hurt him, for he would say nowt," Norma felt that the murderer's eyes were upon them both, and dreaded an attack.

The moments dragged wearily along; she heard the tic-tac of the clock in the kitchen, the movements of the fowls in the yard outside, the slight sound of the wind in the branches of the trees on the opposite side of the lane: but never, strain her ears as she might, the sound of a human being near. It was indeed as she had said: all the occupants of the three cottages, except poor Ned, had gone into the town: except for her own powers of persuasion, stratagem or muscle, she and Ned were at the doctor's mercy—at the mercy of a desperate criminal.

Ned was growing noisy again, was raising his voice to the old pitch of screaming terror: but the doctor, who knew that nothing could happen which would either strengthen or alter Norma's convictions concerning him, did not again try to pacify him. Instead, he walked thoughtfully to the door, opened it, and looked out.

Norma stared at him, watching every movement. The dimly burning, smoky lamp and the red fire, combined to give but a feeble and murky light. But it seemed that her senses were unnaturally acute, for not the smallest action of the doctor's, as he stood outside in the little porch in the darkness, escaped her. She saw him put his hand to his breast pocket, and, with a cry, she rushed across the cottage floor and caused him to start.

"Why, Dr. Wharles, you carry a revolver about with you, then?" almost shrieked she, as she leaned, panting, against the doorway, and the doctor, who had turned at her words, staggered a step or two backwards into the lane.

She had not seen any weapon: it was only her intuition that it was a revolver his fingers were touching, when he put up his hand. But the startled, guilty look which flashed across his face at her accusation told her that she had made a good guess.

For one moment she stared out at him, as he, taken aback, found himself for a moment without a reply. Then she shut the door in his face, and drew the bolt.

The boy's voice from the bed rang out again, hoarsely:

"Doctor, doctor, I'll swear I see nowt!"

Norma put up her hands to her head, giddy with the horrible sensations which had followed each other so rapidly. What would happen? She had flung down the gauntlet now; she had let the doctor see that she knew him to be the murderer, that she feared new outrages on his part. Would he leave her there, and content himself with bold denial of there being any truth in Ned's ravings? Or would he, since he appeared to have for a moment contemplated some sort of attack, carry out his intentions still?

The suspense she felt was horrible, not to be borne. The cottage window—there was only one to this front room—was shutterless. She crept towards it and looked out. Whether the doctor was concealed in the porch she could not make out; and she could hear no sound from outside.

She ran across the room and into the kitchen behind, to see whether he had gone round to that entrance. But even as she went, Ned cried out, in a voice of terror that arrested her steps:

"Why do you run away? Is he after you?"

He was sitting up in bed, staring at her with eyes full of terror. Fearing that the torment which he had been suffering would turn the lad's brain, and recognizing that her first duty was to the patient of whom she was in charge, she contented herself with shutting the door of the room she was in and drawing a heavy chest in front of it.

Then she went quickly to Ned's side, and, sitting beside him, addressed to him soothing words which, to her great relief, presently appeared to have some effect upon him: for he allowed himself to be persuaded to lie down again, muttering still, but with less vehemence.

She was still sitting beside him, listening intently for the least sound outside, when there was a violent pull at the handle of the door.

Norma stood up abruptly, in attitude of battle. But the voice which called out sharply to her was not that of Dr. Wharles, but of Nance Raggett, who cried out:

"Open, open the door, I say!"

Norma ran to obey her, with a great feeling of thankfulness that her watch was over.

What, however, was her horror and dismay when she found, on unbolting the door, that she was confronted, not only by Nance, but by the doctor, who followed the indignant woman into the cottage.

It was he indeed who spoke first.

"Well, Mrs. Raggett, what did I tell you? We all know that your sex has privileges, and rank also. But for a lady to turn a medical man out, and lock the door upon him, when he wished to do his duty and try to alleviate the sufferings of his patient, is, I think, a stretch even of beauty's prerogative."

"It's a piece o' cheek as ever I see!" cried Mrs. Raggett indignantly. "And I'd ha' seen yo' at t' bottom of t' sea, my lady though yo' are, if I'd ha' thowt yo' meant to use Ned so!"

Norma, who felt how awkward her position was, and how hopeless it would be for her to try to get this woman to believe her, with the artful, persuasive, handsome doctor using his utmost influence against her, felt nevertheless that she had better take up at once the position she meant permanently to hold as regarded the whole matter.

So she turned boldly to Nance, and said:

"The lad has been delirious for some time. If you will hear what he says you will understand why I did what I did."

The doctor broke in: "Perhaps I can explain this lady's motives and actions better than she could herself. Lady Darwen, naturally enough, takes sides with her husband, who, as I dare say you have heard, attacked me in the open street the other day on account of some family affairs of his, in which he, quite wrongly, imagined that I was mixed up."

As he spoke the doctor laid an unpleasant emphasis upon the words "Lady Darwen" and "her husband," in order, so Norma felt sure, to rouse her anger against him, and to induce her to prejudice herself in Mrs. Raggett's eyes by some outburst of indignation. She, however, kept quite still, and endured the rest of his speech with as much equanimity as the opening:

"When she undertook to watch by Ned's side this evening, she no doubt conceived the idea of getting him to incriminate someone in the matter of the terrible crime that was committed in the wood across the road the other day, in order to divert the suspicion which, as we all know, rests upon Sir Astley Darwen, the man whom poor Rogerson came to the town to see."

Still Norma said nothing, though every moment the doctor's tone grew more bitter, more insulting. He went on:

"I understand, Mrs. Raggett, that Ned was quite quiet when you left him?"

"Ay, he was lying quiet, most o' t' time."

"And yet, not an hour later, no, nor half an hour, I found him raving!"

Here Norma did glance up quickly, but she did not speak.

(To be Continued.)

Anecdotal.

Terence V. Powderly, formerly Commissioner-General of Immigration, met Senator Penrose of Pennsylvania just outside the White House the other morning. "How's your gout getting along?" a bystander asked Mr. Powderly. "I'm troubled with an old injury to my knee, but I suppose you might as well call it gout as anything," he replied. "Up my way," remarked Senator Penrose, "they call it 'whiskey on the hoof.'"

"Uncle Joe" Cannon sometimes gets mixed in his metaphor when addressing the United States House of Representatives. While arguing against a bill in favor of a railroad, he once began in preacher-like tones as follows: "The railroads have been before the Senate on their knees praying and praying and praying;" then, suddenly changing his tone, he concluded; "and, gentlemen, it is time to call their hand."

When a shot was fired in the wings of the Tivoli Opera House during the third act of "Carmen" on Zelie de Lussan's opening night, a disappointed spectator who considered Tennery's Don Jose about "the limit" remarked, with a sigh of relief, "Thank God." Those about him, who shared his feelings, snickered sympathetically. But their smiles were turned to peals of laughter when Don Jose presently bobbed up serenely, and the talkative wag exclaimed tragically, "Ye gods, her aim was bad! She missed him!"

An Englishman used to meet the great philosopher, Arthur Schopenhauer, every morning walking with his ugly poodle along the promenade in Frankfort-on-the-Main. Schopenhauer's eccentric appearance, deeply immersed in thought, excited the Englishman's curiosity to such an extent that one day he could contain himself no longer, and walking up to the philosopher, addressed him abruptly thus: "Tell me, sir, who, in the name of fate, are you?" "Ah!" Schopenhauer replied, "I only wish I knew that myself."

The Rev. Washington Gladden, after a lecture at Harvard, discussed with a number of students the Christian religion. The students, as is sometimes the way with young men, manifested a lack of faith. They were not ashamed of this lack, either. They seemed, on the contrary, to be proud of it. "I," said a lad of eighteen years, a freshman, "I am an agnostic." He spoke pompously, his hands in his pockets. He regarded narrowly the effect on Mr. Gladden of his bold words. "You are an agnostic?" said the clergyman. "I am an agnostic." "What is an agnostic?" Mr. Gladden asked. "Tell me, won't you, just what meaning you attribute to that word?" The lad swaggered about the room. He still kept his hands in his pockets. "An agnostic," he said, frowning, "why, an agnostic is—ah—a fellow—a fellow who isn't sure of anything." "How does it happen, then," asked the clergyman, "that you're sure you're an agnostic?"

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 15TH, 1903.

The World's Fair at St. Louis cannot be compared to other great international expositions, it will occupy more than double the space covered by any of the former fairs, and will take up as much ground as the combined areas of the Chicago, Omaha, Buffalo and Paris expositions.

The site chosen comprises 1,240 acres, and, profiting by the experience gained in the construction of former expositions, it will certainly eclipse them all in artistic beauty and grandeur.

The immensity of the proportions can be appreciated when the official statement is given that 38,000 horse power will be required to drive the machinery.

What will interest us here most, is the Mines and Metallurgy Palace which will occupy 525 x 750 feet, with the addition of an outdoor exhibit of 12 acres.

The cost of the St. Louis Exposition will be approximately $50,000,000, and will, it is said, be the greatest spectacle ever planned by man.

Let us all combine our efforts and endeavour to send to St. Louis a good and representative collection of our minerals; the advantages to be gained by so doing are immense, never before has there been such a chance for Atlin to discover itself to the entire world. Remember that the Exposition opens on April 30th; no time should be lost.

Send your samples to the "Editor ATLIN CLAIM" and they will be shipped free of charge.

Complex Ores.

In our issue of July 11th. 1903 we had occasion to refer in a general and comprehensive way to the possible profitable treatment of these ores the world over.

It seems unquestionable, from the samples of each ore that we see nearly every day, that around and about Atlin there is an abundance of complex ore. It is known to prospectors and to claim owners that they have more or less of it in their ground and yet what is done with it? absolutely nothing. There are values evident to the eye, but of known values ascertained from assay how many? and we may ask you how many? and be no nearer finding out.

Samples are pretty and interesting in their way but a mine is not worked on samples.

What is the average value of the ore or ores contained in the average sample? How many have tried to ascertain this? not many we think. The idea seems to be, to open up a little, take specimens and try to sell the mine or claim on the strength of that, leaving an expert to come from London and go all over the ground and there you expect to be furnished with the information which you should have supplied him and left him to confirm.

Too Much Style.

The following letter was picked up on First St. by our Editor; and will probably interest some of our readers, we give it as it is written:

Friend Bill,

Thars an old time prospecter called Doc Mitchel here that has got to puttin on airs when he goes out prospectin in the way of outfittin bissell with audder down quilts foldin cot and panjammers mousquitoe nettin fishin rods and sich like and all the delikaces to be had in a city sich as patty di foy caviare sparrowgrass fresh tomaters letice and big roasts of beef camp stove with a oven in it and lots of the red eye cigarets latest novels and magaseens. Now Bill thars got to be something done to stop sich doins under the hedin of prospect'n as it will only be a short time till thar be no bard luck storries told about the hardship of the ruff and reddy prospecter who loded up with bacon and beans and a old tin can for to bile his coffee in. Now Bill let every old time prospector turn in at the meetin next Sunday on Wolf Creek to put up a howl agin this kind of doins.

Your old pard,

C——

The Board of Trade.

The Atlin District Board of Trade, at a meeting held at the Court House yesterday, welcomed the Hon. Richard McBride, Premier, and the Hon. A. E. McPhillips, Attorney General.

The President in his address to the Premeir asked the aid of the Government for appropriations to better the condition of the trails; for assistance to the Fire Department; for a new geological and general report on the District; for assistance in prospecting quartz properties in the shape of a diamond drill and for a rebate on the very high prices realized on the sale of lots in the Atlin Townsite.

The Premier in replying, paid high tribute to the work of the Board of Trade, and thanked the President, Mr. Hirschfeld, for the blunt and concise manner in which he had made the demands on behalf of the citizens assuring the Board that everything that could be done within the power of the Government and within the means of the Treasury would certainly be done. He thought that all the demands were reasonable and in fact that the Board only asked for what the District really was entitled to.

Hon. A. E. McPhillips then addressed the Board and owing to the Public Meeting held that evening the proceedings were cut short.

After the President had thanked the Hon. gentlemen for their kindness in attending the meeting, the meeting adjourned.

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This First Class Hotel has been remodeled and refurnished throughout and offers the best accommodation to Transient or Permanent Guests.—American and European plan.
Finest Wines, Liquors and Cigars.
Billiards and Pool.

THE GOLD HOUSE,
DISCOVERY, B. C.
A STRICTLY FIRST CLASS HOTEL.
CHOICEST WINES LIQUORS & CIGARS.
Mixed Drinks a Specialty.
DINING ROOM SUPPLIED WITH THE BEST THE MARKET AFFORDS.
Vegetables Daily From our own Garden.
Breakfast, 6 to 9, Lunch, 12 to 2, Dinner, 6 to 8.

THE WHITE PASS & YUKON ROUTE.
Passenger and Express Service, Daily (except Sunday), between Skagway, Log Cabin, Bennett, Caribou, White Horse and Intermediate points, making close connections with our own steamers at White Horse for Dawson and Yukon points, and at Caribou for Atlin every Tuesday and Friday; Returning, leave Atlin every Monday and Thursday.
Telegraph Service to Skagway. Express matter will be received for shipment to and from all points in Canada and the United States.
For information relative to Passenger, Freight, Telegraph or Express Rates apply to any Agent of the Company or to
TRAFFIC DEPARTMENT, SKAGWAY.

J. H. RICHARDSON,
ATLIN & DISCOVERY.
Full Line of Clothing Just From the East
THE LATEST STYLES.
Complete Stock of Dry Goods
THE LATEST IN HATS, BOOTS AND SHOES.
☞ GOLD SEAL GUM BOOTS
Our Goods are the Best and Our Prices the Lowest.

The Canadian Bank of Commerce.
CAPITAL PAID UP $8,700,000.
RESERVE, $3,000,000.
Branches of the Bank at Seattle, San Francisco, Portland, Skagway, etc.
Exchange sold on all Points.
GOLD DUST PURCHASED—ASSAY OFFICE IN CONNECTION.
D. ROSS, Manager.

THE ROYAL HOTEL,
E. ROSSELLI, Proprietor.
Corner Pearl and First Streets, Atlin, B. C.
FIRST CLASS RESTAURANT IN CONNECTION.
CHOICEST WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS—CASE GOODS A SPECIALTY.

Hydraulic Mining Machinery.
HYDRAULIC GIANTS, WATER GATES,
ANGLE STEEL RIFFLES &
HYDRAULIC RIVETED PIPE.
Pumping & Hoisting Machinery.
Estimates furnished on application
The Vancouver Engineering Works,
VANCOUVER, B. C.
A. C. Hirschfeld, Agent, Atlin, B. C

Good Cash Values at N. C. Wheeling & Co's.

Groceries, Provisions, Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, etc.

The Most Complete Stock in The District.

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

The extradition papers have been formally signed for the surrender of Whitaker Wright, accused of swindling; the accused left on the White Star Liner Oceanic to answer the charge.

He was arranged at the Guildhall Police Court and remanded.

Three sureties guaranteeing $250,000 were provided and he was released on bail.

The Election Committe at Ottawa decided to recommend to the House a law providing for compulsory voting at elections. Any qualified elector, who fails to vote, will be deprived of the right to do so at the next general election.

A nugget worth $142 was found on No. 13 below on Sulphur Creek, Dawson.

The lease of the Dominion Coal Company by the Dominion Steel Company has been broken.

The Toronto Conservative papers strongly criticise the Laurier railway policy.

The result of the election in the Barnard Castle division in England is as follows:

A Henderson,	Labor,	3,370.
W. L. Vane,	Unionist,	5,323.
Mr. Beaumont,	Liberal,	2,806.

Major Vane is personally popular, but the opposition of the people to the government's educational policy influenced the contest, the division being strongly Nonconformist.

Mr. Robson has secured another seat for the conservatives in the Manitoba elections. Mr. Cotton, Liberal, was defeated.

Mrs. Sam Parker, wife of the well known Republican politician and millionaire has been robbed of jewelry valued at $80,000.

School Re-opens.

A pleasing incident of the re-opening of the Public School here after the Summer Holidays was the formal presentation to the School board of a Canadian Flag which was presented on condition that it shall be hoisted every school day during school hours.

The flag was presented by E. S. Busby Esq., Inspector of Customs for the Yukon and the presentation was made on this behalf by Mr. J. A. Fraser, Government Agent, who in a few well chosen words inculcating a reverence for the flag and reminding his hearers, particularily those of Canadian and British birth that they enjoyed under that flag a freedom and protection which was not afforded under any other flag on earth.

NOTICES.

Certificate of Improvements.

The YELLOW JACKET Mineral Claim, situated on Pine Creek, about one mile east of Discovery, in the Atlin Lake Mining Division of Cassiar, B. C.

NOTICE is hereby given that I, Julius M. Ruffner, F.M.C., No. B33359, Agent for the North Columbia Gold Mining Co. F.M.C., No. B34111, intend 60 days from date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.

AND FURTHER Take notice that action under Section 37 must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements.

Atlin, B. C., this 19th day of May, 1903.
my23-60d Julius M. Ruffner, Agent.

NOTICE is hereby given that after 60 days from date, I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following described tract of land in the Atlin district for agricultural purposes: commencing at an initial post, planted about one mile north-east of Atlin townsite, thence running east 40 chains, thence north 20 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence south 20 chains to the point of commencement, containing 80 acres more or less.

J. T. REGAN.

Dated at Atlin, B. C., this 4th day of June, 1903. je6-60d

NOTICE is hereby given that Sixty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following described tract of land for agricultural purposes: That parcel or tract of land situated in the Atlin Lake Mining Division, commencing at a post planted at a point on the eastern boundary of Atlin Townsite, thence north 20 chains, thence East 20 chains, thence south 20 chains, thence west 20 chains to point of commencement, containing 40 acres, more or less.

CHAS. R. MYERS.

Dated at Atlin, B.C., this 23rd day of May, 1903. my30-60d

NOTICE is hereby given that 30 days after date we intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a 21 years lease of the following described land, for reservoir purposes, situated at the head of Eldorado Creek, in the Atlin District:

Commencing at a post marked North-east corner, thence South Easterly to post No. 2; thence south Westerly across Eldorado Creek to Post No. 3; thence North Westerly to post No. 4; thence North Easterly to point of commencement, containing by actual survey 12.12 acres.

Dated at Atlin, B.C., this 7th day of July 1903.

The Atlin Mining Co. Limited.

NOTICE is hereby given that after 60 days from date, we intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase one-quarter of an acre of land for a site for a power plant in the Atlin District, situated as follows:

Commencing at a post marked "The British Columbia Power & Manufacturing Co., Ltd.'s S.E. corner," planted at a point on Discovery street, in the Town of Atlin, thence in a westerly direction 104¼ feet, thence northerly 104¼ feet, thence easterly 104¼ feet, thence southerly 104¼ feet to point of commencement, containing one quarter of an acre more or less.

Dated at Atlin, B.C. this 25th day of June, 1903.

The British Columbia Power & Manufacturing Co., Ltd.
je6-30d.

NOTICE is hereby given that Sixty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following described tract of land in the Atlin district for agricultural purposes: Commencing at an initial post, planted about one mile north-east of Atlin Townsite, thence running east 40 chains, thence south 20 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence north 20 chains to the point of commencement, containing 80 acres more or less.

William McNern.

Dated at Atlin, B. C., this 22nd day of June 1903. Jne 27 60d

Northern Lumber Company, Limited.

NOTICE is hereby given that F. T. Troughton has been appointed Managing Director and Secretary Treasurer of the above Company, in the place of A. J. Baker resigned, and will sign all contracts and settle all accounts for the Company.

F. T. Troughton,
Secretary.

E. S. Wilkinson, P.L.S. Wm. Brown, C.E.

WILKINSON & BROWN

Provincial Land Surveyors & Civil Engineers.

Hydraulic Mine Engineering a Specialty — Office, Pearl St., near Third St., ATLIN, B.C

DRINK THE BEST

"NABOB TEA."

In Lead Packets of ½-lb and 1-lb each.

For Sale by all First Class Grocers.

KELLY, DOUGLAS & Co., Wholesale Grocers, VANCOUVER, B.C.

THE GRAND HOTEL

FINEST EQUIPPED HOTEL IN THE NORTH. EVERYTHING CONDUCTED IN FIRST-CLASS MANNER.

French Restaurant in Connection.

DAVID HASTIE, PROPRIETOR.

Corner of First and Discovery Streets.

A Boon to the Thirsty!

Drinks, 2 for a Quarter.

Commencing Monday, April 20th, I will cut prices on all my goods at the LELAND HOTEL. I have a large stock of First Class Goods and intend to dispose of them at Cost. This is strictly a CLOSING OUT SALE. Goods must be disposed of by July 1st.

Hotel Building for Sale—No Reasonable Offer Refused.

E. P. QUERN.

THE WHITE PASS & YUKON ROUTE.

Pacific and Arctic Railway and Navigation Company.
British Columbia Yukon Railway Company.
British Yukon Railway Company.

TIME TABLE.

IN EFFECT JANUARY 7 1901.
Daily except Sunday.

No.3N. B. 2nd class.	No.1 N. B. 1st class.			No. 2.S. Bound 1st class.		No. 4 S. Bound 2nd class.
8.30 p. m.	9.30 a. m.	LV.	SKAGUAY AR.	4.30 p. m.	AR	4.15 a. m.
10.30 "	10.55	"	WHITE PASS	3.05 "	"	
	11.00	"	"	3.00 "	"	2.10 "
11.40 a.m.	11.45	"	" LOG CABIN	2.10 "	"	1.00 "
12.20	12.15	"		1.35		
	12.35	p.m	" BENNETT	1.15	p.m "	12.20 p.m.
2.45 "	2.10	"	" CARIBOU	11.50	a.m "	10.20 "
6.40 "	4.30	"	AR WHITE HORSE LV	9.30	" LV	7.00 "

Passengers must be at depots in time to have Baggage inspected and checked. Inspection is stopped 30 minutes before leaving time of train.

150 pounds of baggage will be checked free with each full fare ticket and 75 pounds with each half fare ticket.

J. G. CONNELL.

Nugget Hotel

Discovery.

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT IN CONNECTION.

Headquarters for Brook's stage.

Pine Tree Hotel.

DISCOVERY, B. C.

Finest of liquors. Good stabling.

BD. SANDS, Proprietor.

O. K. BATHS BARBER SHOP

G. H. FORD Prop.

Now occupy their new quarters next to the Bank of B. N. A., First Street.

The bath rooms are equally as good as found in cities. Private Entrance for ladies.

Pellew-Harvey, Bryant & Gilman

Provincial Assayers

The Vancouver Assay Office, Established 1890.

W. WALLACE GRIME & Co., Agents.

Large or Small Samples forwarded for Assay

TRY

J. D. DURIE'S

FOR

UPHOLSTERY
MATTRESSES
FURNITURE
HARDWARE
PAINTS & OILS

Atlin & Discovery.

Tobogganing into a Bear.

A member of the Wellman polar expedition of 1898-9, Paul Bjoervig, is described by Mr. Walter Wellman, in "A Tragedy of the Far North," as a man of superior courage, of unexampled fortitude and of inspiring character. If there was a bit of dangerous work to do, he was sure to be the first to plunge in. He sang and laughed at his work. If he went down into a "povridge," half ice and half salt water, and was pulled out by his hair, he came up with a joke about the ice cream freezer.

One day three men were out bear-hunting on an island. Two of them had rifles, the other had none. The last was Bjoervig. They found a bear, wounded him, and chased him to the top of a glacier. There bruin stood at bay. One of the hunters went to the left, another to the right. Bjoervig laboriously mounted the ice-pile to scare the beast down where the others might get a shot. But one of the hunters became impatient, and started to climb up also. On the way he lost his footing, fell, and slid forty or fifty feet into a pocket of soft snow.

At that moment, unfortunately, Bjoervig frightened the bear. Leaving the summit of the ice-heap, the beast slipped and slid straight toward the helpless man, who was floundering up to his armpits below. Apparently the man's life was not worth a half-kroner. In a few seconds the bear would be upon him, and would tear him to pieces. The brute was wounded, furious, desperate.

Bjoervig saw what he had to do. He did not hesitate. He followed the bear. From his perch at the summit he threw himself down the precipitous slope. He rolled, fell, slipped straight down toward the big white bear. He had no weapon but an oaken skee-staff, a mere cane; nevertheless he made straight for the bear.

Down the hillock slope he came, bumping and leaping, and yelling at the top of his voice. His cries, the commotion which he raised, the vision the bear saw of a man flying down at him, frightened the beast half out of his wits; diverted his attention from the imperiled hunter to the bold pursuer.

This was what Bjoervig was working for. The bear dug his mighty claws into the ice and stopped and looked at Bjoervig, but Bjoervig could not stop. The slope was too steep, his momentum too great. He dug his hands into the crust of the snow; he tried to thrust his skee-staff deep into the surface. It was in vain. Now he was almost upon the bear; the beast crouched to spring at him. Another second and it would all be over. Crack! the rifle spoke. The man down below had had time to recover his equilibrium. Another shot and the battle was over. Bjoervig and the bear rolled down together.

"You saved my life," said the man with the gun, when Bjoervig had picked himself up.

"No, no," responded Bjoervig, whipping the snow out of his hair, "you naved mine."

The Domestic Shah.

"Don't you think that there are many men who want to be fussed over and require just as much waiting upon as the most spoiled and helpless of women?" asks a correspondent, and then proceeds to answer: "The majority, I dare say, are not guilty of this weakness, but there are heaps of men-noodles who want their womenkind to 'cosset' them as if they were babies or invalids. They must be cockered up with every kind of indulgence; they have all the airs and the unbridled tempers and extravagances of a Shah-in-Shah, and the more generously and patiently their whims and fancies are borne with, the more exacting and domineering do they become, the more difficult to please, the more outrageous in their demands, and the more impossible and hopeless to get on with happily and comfortably.

"When a domestic tyrant of this type returns to his domicile everything must be at a standstill until he has signified his lordly pleasure as to whether the different members of the family may continue their occupations or not, and no matter what they are doing, or have done, you may be pretty certain that it is not right in his eyes! If he has mislaid a book or a newspaper nobody in the place is allowed to have any peace until it is found.

"As for his pipe or tobacco-pouch, why nothing short of a domestic revolution occurs if treasures of this sort happen to be banished temporarily from his view. They are so dear to him, so indispensable to his happiness, so absolutely necessary to his existence, that he cannot even bear them out of his sight, and unless he can lay his hand on them at once, the mildest mannered of men is capable of transforming himself into a Nero at any moment. Don't we all know the Boanerges-like roar, 'Where's my pipe? Has anyone seen my pipe?' or the testy remark, 'Most extraordinary thing how everything gets interfered with here. I can't even put my pipe down a minute or two but somebody hides it or takes it away!' Ten to one he has covered it over himself with his newspaper, and, after creating a great hubbub and commotion, it is found just where he laid it himself."

Child Study.

One hundred children were handed each a hot iron.

Thirty-three boys and eighteen girls said "Ouch!" Twenty-five girls and ten boys said "Ooch!"

Of the girls who said "Ouch!" seven had pug-noses and one toed in.

Thirteen boys born of foreign parents said "Ooch!"

The conclusions to be drawn from this interesting experiment will be embodied in a book and published in the Practical Science Series.

Curious Bits of News.

Professor Curie of Paris, who, aided by his wife, discovered and extracted from pitch-blende the strange substance called radium, recently remarked that he would not venture into a room containing one kilogram of radium because it would probably destroy his eyesight, burn off his skin, and even kill him. Radium gives off more abundantly than any other known substance the mysterious emanations named Becquerel rays, which are supposed to consist of almost infinitely minute particles. They are driven off with a velocity as high as 100,000 miles per second, and cause serious inflammations upon the hands of persons working with the substance. They also give rise to luminous effects.

In consequence of the construction of the great Assouan dam on the Nile, 600 miles above Cairo, the famous temples on the Island of Philae are partially submerged when the reservoir is full of water. But the civilized world would not willingly see these magnificent relics of antiquity destroyed, and accordingly an elaborate system of underpinning the buildings was adopted. Some of the colonnades and temples were found to be resting on fractured stone beams, broken by subsidence of the soil. Heavy steel girders, enclosed with rubble masonry and mortar, which protect them from corrosion, were placed under the broken foundations, and the masonry was carried down to bed rock beneath. The work was done in the face of considerable danger, but without accident.

The project of climbing the loftiest mountain on the earth, Mount Everest, in the Himalayas, whose tremendous head rises, according to trigonometrical measurements, 20,002 feet above sea-level, has now reached a stage immediately antecedent to the actual attempt. A party, led by Mr. Eckenstein, an experienced climber, has set out for the foot of the great peak. Several celebrated mountain-climbers have expressed the opinion that the feat is feasible, but only by the method of gradual ascent, whereby the adventurers may become inured to the effects of a rare atmosphere. Months, and even years, may be spent in ascending to higher and higher levels, a long pause being made after every considerable advance. The highest ascent now on record is that of Aconcagua, in the Andes, the elevation of which is 23,080 feet, 5,922 feet, or more than a mile, less than the height of Everest.

Recent press despatches announce the discovery by a professor in Prague of a lamp lighted by means of bacteria. Of this report "The Lancet" (London) remarks: "We suppose that the discovery amounts to an improved method of feeding photogenic bacteria, the existence of which has been known for some years. . . . The experiment is quite simple and easily succeeds. All that is necessary is to place the flesh of fresh haddocks or herring in a two or three per cent. solution of common salt, keeping the mixture at a temperature of about 7 degrees C. above freezing point. After a few days it will be found that not merely the flesh of the fish but also the whole of the liquid in which it is immersed gives off a pale greenish light, which becomes much more brilliant if a little sugar is added. . . . Doubtless by paying attention to the needs of these specific bacteria—by employing, for example, highly stimulating food—more intense light than was hitherto the case has been obtained. It is even suggested that the bacteria light might afford a safety-lamp for the miner."

Probably few persons who go up or down Broadway or any other important thoroughfare of New York city have ever stopped to ask why the hands on the faces of nearly all the big wooden clocks that swing as signs over jewelry stores indicate that it is eighteen minutes past eight o'clock. These clock hands indicate, according to the New York "Tribune," the exact time in the evening when Lincoln, accompanied by his wife, left the White House on April 14, 1865, to go to Ford's Theater, Washington, where John Wilkes Booth, the actor, shot him. The man who first originated this wooden clock sign idea had a workshop in a downtown street in 1865, and shortly after the assassination he conceived the idea of painting the hands on all his signs to point out this special time. His successors in the business continued the practice, as did other men. There is probably not a great street in New York city to-day that has not one or more of these reminders.

Spoiled the Scene.

Romeo De Ranter was crossing a bridge when his attention was attracted by the shrieking of someone in the murky depths below him. It being quite dark, he could not see the person who was evidently in danger; but, guided by the calls for help, he rushed to the side of the bridge, poised for a moment on the railing, and leaped into the river, shouting:

"Keep up your courage, gir-rl! I will save yuh!"

Once in the water, he swam with steady strokes to her side and seized her in his strong clasp. There was but little current, and he called:

"Tell the stage-hands to shake her up a little! This scene will go bad from the front."

But the water remained calm, and he slowly dragged the dripping form of the young woman to land. With strenuous efforts he lifted her to the shore and clambered after her.

"That calcium man is rotten!" he growled. "I should have had the spotlight from the time I jumped."

Even when the people who had witnessed his feat rushed up to congratulate him on his bravery he would not listen to them, but strode off, muttering:

"And they didn't have anyone back of the set to throw up a bucket of water to make a good splash. Miserable stage-management! What is the drummer coming to, anyhow?"—"Judge."

"What ales the porter?" "His young daughter wines all the time, and he is going home to liquor."—Princeton "Tiger."

Waggish Bounder.—I've just spent a week at Lord and Lady Blank's place. His Friend.—You have? Why, which of them invited you? "Neither. Fact is, I knew that Lord and Lady B. were not on speaking terms just now, so I went and stayed. Each thinks the other invited me."

Studies in Natural History.

The Boy.

This untamable little creature, which is well called "The Terror of the Neighborhood," is perhaps the most feared and dreaded of all animals, and the one that causes the most aggravation.

Most people have the same instinctive desire to throttle a boy at sight, and on general principles, that they have to kill a snake. Unfortunately, the law prevents this; and as it has been found inexpedient to keep it confined like a lion or a jackal in a steel cage, out of harm's way, human beings have been unable to protect themselves against a creature so bloodthirsty that it finds its chief delight in torturing its victims.

This causes everyone to view the advent of a Boy in a community with alarm, while the presence of two or three depreciates the value of property and makes nervous people flee from the vicinity.

Although naturalists have devoted much time to the study of this subject, they have never been able to definitely classify the Boy, owing to his partaking of the obnoxious traits of all the other animals. Physically, it is all Stomach and Yell, with a rudimentary heart and no soul.

Notwithstanding all this, however, the Boy is greatly esteemed as a household pet, and is quite generally kept in that capacity. Indeed, few families are satisfied and happy without one, although after having received one they never know another minute's peace and quiet as long as they have it about the house.

This is the most startling fact in all natural history, as, having observed their friends' boys, one would think that no money could induce a person to undertake to raise a creature that was so much trouble.

In looks the Boy presents a curious anomaly, as it changes at different ages. When it is quite young, and at the time, it may be observed, that most people select it, it is soft and beautiful, with an angelic expression that appeals strongly to female owners and causes them to rave over it.

A little later it gets stringy and long-legged, with pale green freckles and warts, and generally uncouth and unpropossessing appearance. Fortunately, however, by this time its owners have become attached to it; otherwise it would be cast out to perish.

The habits of the Boy afford a most instructive study. It eats steadily from the time it gets up until it goes to bed, and devours the most indigestible substances with perfect impunity. Green apples, liquorice, hunks of bread and meat, doughnuts and whole pots of jam disappear down its throat without raising the slightest commotion in its stomach. When it is not opening its mouth to poke food down, it is opening it to emit a series of hideous sounds, so practically a Boy's mouth is never shut. These sounds are unintelligible to human beings, but are apparently understood by its mates.

Naturalists also call attention to the fact that a Boy is the only animal that spends its time in play, and it has been further observed that it soon wearies of any sport that does not hurt someone else. Another curious thing is that although a Boy can play all day, he becomes ill and weary the minute work is suggested to him or he starts to school. This is probably constitutional.

Occasionally a boy has been broken in to do a few household tasks, but it requires so much energy and trouble to make it do any useful work that few people have the physical strength to attempt it.

Boys are also femiphobes, and frequently bite and kick when a pretty girl desires to kiss them and stroke their hair. In time, however, they can be broken of this bad habit, and taught to endure female caresses with much equanimity.

The chief characteristic of a Boy is his aversion to soap and water. In this it is like the cat, and it is with difficulty driven near the bath tub. It also balks at being dressed up and shown off before company. Now and then, it is true, you find one who will consent to be adorned in Fauntleroy collars, and who will get out on the floor and do its little tricks without the whip, but these are never pure-blooded Boys. They are mongrels with a strong strain of Sissy in them.

A curious thing in this connection is that everyone who owns a Boy believes that he is a wonder and will be a future winner in the show. He also bitterly resents the insinuation that his Boy possesses the same characteristics of other boys, or would be guilty of such a thing as breaking windows or ringing old maids' door bells.

Most people, as has been said, like to keep a Boy themselves, but all, without exception, object to their neighbor's, and those who have none get even by prophesying evil things of the Boy across the street. Sometimes, however, the creature turns out well, and then we all brag that we knew it when it was a Boy.

His Complaint.

I am a baby, eleven months old, and early worn out already. Please let me alone!

I am not a prodigy, except to the extent that, not having anything to say, I don't talk. Two big persons claim to be my parents—why can't they let it go at that? I have never denied the charge. I haven't much data to go by, but I don't think I am either a magician, a learned pig, or a virtuoso. I don't hanker for applause; so, it will be an appreciated favor if you won't put me through any parlor tricks.

If I have my wealthy old Uncle Ezra's nose, congratulate Uncle Ezra, but don't blame me. I may be a kleptomaniac, for all I know, but I can't help it.

Don't rattle rattles at me—they rattle me. Don't goo-goo and ootsie-kootsie at me. I can't understand it any better than the English language.

The pain I have is not in my stomach, but in my neck. I don't want to be entertained or mystified or medicated or applauded. And, if you don't want me to grow up to be a hypochondriac, a stamp-collector, an awful example, a ping-pong enthusiast, a misanthrope, you just lemme me!—"Smart Set."

Dedude.—That man called me a liar, a cad, a scoundrel, and a puppy. Would you advise me to fight for that? Old Jent.—By all means. There's nothing nobler in this world, young man, than fighting for the truth.

Two old women, "Mother" Baker Eddy and Mark Twain, slang-whanging each other in the papers, do not present an edifying spectacle.—"Town Topics."

A Great Invention.

"Yes, sir, the telephone is the greatest invention of the age. Let me give you an illustration of what it can do. You know that I live out in the country?"

"Yes."

"Well, yesterday morning after I came to town, my cook left suddenly, whereupon my wife immediately called me up and told me about it."

"How much did it cost?"

"Oh, a mere nothing. Twenty-five cents."

"What happened then?"

"Well, I immediately called up the manager of my servant's agency. Had some little trouble in getting her, it is true, but I got her."

"What did she say?"

"Told me to call up a lady in Plainfield, who had a cook who was going to leave. I did so."

"How much was that?"

"Oh, fifty cents. I found out that the cook was there all right, and that she was a good cook. So then I called up my wife again."

"Twenty-five cents more."

"Yes. Told her about the lady who had the cook in Plainfield, and advised her to call her up and talk about it. She did so."

"How much?"

"Oh, about fifty cents. Well, sir, will you believe it, she engaged that cook over the telephone."

"Did the cook come?"

"No. Fact is, she didn't show up, and my wife came to town herself to-day and got another. But that isn't the point. What I wanted to show was what can be done with a telephone."

"As near as I can make out, the telephone cost you a couple of dollars, and took up time enough to disturb your whole day. Why, if you hadn't had a telephone in the first place you wouldn't have known your cook left, and anyway it didn't make any difference, because, after all, your wife had to come in and attend to the matter personally."

"By Jove! You're right. I'll have that instrument taken out of my house at once."—"Life."

The Right Kind of a Boy.

The merchant had arrived at his office as early as 7 o'clock, and five minutes after he got down to his desk a foxy-looking bright-faced boy came in. The merchant was reading, and the boy, with his hat off, stood there expectantly, but saying nothing. At the end of two minutes he coughed slightly and spoke.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, "but I'm in a hurry."

The merchant looked up.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"I want a job if you've got one for me."

"Oh, do you?" snorted the merchant.

"Well, what are you is such a hurry about?"

"I've got to be, that's why," was the sharp response. "I left school yesterday evening to go to work, and I haven't got a place yet, and I can't afford to be wasting time. If you can't do anything for me say so, and I'll skip. The only place I can stop long in is the place where they pay me for it."

The merchant looked at the clock.

"When can you come?" he asked.

"I don't have to come?" replied the youngster, "I'm here now, and I'd been at work before this if you'd said so."

Half an hour later he was at it, and he's likely to have a job as long as he wants it.—Detroit Free Press.

Minister (to naughty boy)—Tommy, you should be good—like my little boy.

Tommy—Oh, people donate you so many slippers he doesn't dare to be bad.

Literary Progress in England.

An association of young ladies for the study of Tennyson's works has been recently formed in a rural district, under the presidency of the local curate, who, having in a communication with a newly-enlisted member advised the young lady to bring her "Longfellow" with her to the meetings, was astonished and dismayed to receive a reply from the lady's mother to the effect that she could not allow her daughter to join a society of which "fellows," either long or short, were allowed to be members, and that she was surprised that a clergyman should countenance "such goings-on."—English exchange.

HUSH! THESE MAIDS KNOW

that the long agony of female weaknesses, the torture of their more mature sisters, may be all avoided by the use of the great

South American Nervine Tonic

which gives impulse, power, vigor and vim to every vital organ, thus producing or preserving BEAUTY of FACE and FORM by feeding the nerves directly until they put the system in order.

Edward Purrey, of Sydney Centre, British Columbia, states: "My wife was taken down with nervous prostration which later developed into paralysis of one side. Three bottles of SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE worked wonders for her. We cannot speak too highly of the remedy."

Dr. Van Stan's Pineapple Tablets digest the food in the stomach without the aid of the stomach, giving the stomach a rest.—They heal the stomach by the best cure—the rest cure. Price, 35c. 21

Fond father (showing off his offspring's intelligence)—Now, Elsie, dear, what is a cat?

Elsie—Dunno.

Fond Father—Well, what's that funny little animal that comes creeping up the stairs when every one's in bed?

Elsie (promptly)—Papa.—John Bull.

GOING TO TELL IT.

The Great South American Rheumatism Cure; the kind that cures in a few days the most obstinate and painful cases.

If you have a friend suffering from that horror, or from lumbago or neuralgia, it is your duty at least to offer it to him. It will relieve, with the first dose. You too.

William Marshall, of Varney Post Office, County of Gray, Ontario, writes:

"For the last year I was continually in bed. I spent hundreds of dollars in doctoring and medicines which proved of little relief. The first dose of South American Rheumatic Cure gave me instant relief. I am completely cured."

THE GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE TONIC builds up into vigor and health the most shattered systems. It is unmatched in female complaints, or general debility in either sex.

Hundreds of testimonials from the cured ones. 19

Willie — Pa, "practical" means "crooked," doesn't it?

Pa—Certainly not. What makes you think that?

Willie—Well, what do the papers mean then when they talk about "practical politics"?—Philadelphia Press.

Aim at the Heart.

Let it be Grip, Malaria Fever or what not, always strike at the Heart

to protect it, to strengthen it, to cure it, and you baffle every other ailment.

Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure

puts new vigor into every heart, and ninety-nine out of a hundred need it, for that percentage are sick. Having put that machine in good working order, it has guaranteed the whole system against sickness. Every organ is soon sound. It always relieves in 30 minutes.

MRS. EZRA DUGRAHAM, Temple, N.B., Canada, writes:— "Have had heart trouble for years; would have it as often as three times a week, sometimes lasting twenty-four hours. Was persuaded to give Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure a trial, which I did, with the greatest results. It surely is a peerless remedy, and would advise any one who has heart trouble to try it."

DR. AGNEW'S OINTMENT.

He who would be free from piles and skin eurptions must use this cure, which routs them out at once and for all time.

The safest, quickest cure, because compounded on correct principles. Fiercest foe of itching skin diseases. Price, 35 cents. 23

THE IDEAL LIFE.

Joseph Silverman, D.D., Rabbi
Temple Emanu-El, New York.

And he said, Go forth and stand upon the mountain before the Lord.—I. Kings. ix., 11.

There are times when we who have lived constantly in the valleys become dissatisfied with our surroundings, with the commonplace scenery, the narrow horizon and contracted vision, and look with envious eyes to the few who have succeeded in climbing to the mountain top. Then, under some sudden spell, we summon up courage, gather our feeble strength and attempt to climb the steep and rugged ascent. And when at last, after many trials and failures, we reach the summit we are fully rewarded for our exertions by the glorious sight before us and by the exhilaration of the upper air.

Those in the valley can see only a small part of the world's wonders—here a field, a garden, there a cavern, a river or lake. Upon the mountain top the sublime and awe-inspiring prospect of the world's wonderful design, beauty, majesty and power bursts full upon the eye. From below we saw only a few peaks; from above hundreds of peaks come into view, hundreds of smaller mountains, separated by undulations of green forests or by silver threads of limpid waters. From below we had a limited outlook, saw only our own confined surroundings—a few peasants, villagers or conceited townspeople; beheld only petty affairs of mundane life, which seemed of such paramount importance to the denizens of the valley. From the heights we have, comparatively speaking, an almost unlimited horizon and can see at a glance many cities and villages, and in the distance hills and valleys, rivers and lakes, and beyond the mighty ocean embracing all things. From above all great cities seem but as toy villages, men and women as tiny miniatures and our seemingly vast enterprises as the block houses of children at play. Standing there on the mountain top, in the very presence of the Lord, as it were, upon the throne of creation, we seem to realize a sense of our greater selves and our larger possibilities, and to feel that the people and the things we have left below are but the chrysalis from which we have escaped; that the world in the valley is but the stepping stone to the higher world above.

There are luminous hours in our lives when the soul yearns to emancipate itself from the limitations under which it was born and has continued to exist, and seeks to rise to some higher estate of manhood or womanhood. We have at times visions of men and women who have risen to spiritual heights which we aspire to reach. They seem to live on the mountain tops of life and enjoy a greater and broader view of human affairs. They are men of unusual wisdom, profound reason, of uncompromising convictions; men who stand on the vantage ground of truth, who love righteousness, execute justice and walk humbly before their God; broad-gauge men, full of sympathy and love for humanity; whole-souled men and women who can smile benignly and speak graciously, yet wisely; philanthropists, lovers of mankind, who temper justice with mercy, judgment with charity, and who, like Divinity, are patient, long suffering and abundant in kindness and mercy.

In our better moments we seek to stand upon such a lofty plane. Our ordinary lives seem commonplace, "stale, flat and unprofitable." We go constantly through the same routine of eating and drinking, sleeping and waking. The great masses seem like thousands and millions and myriads of molecules and organized cells that contribute to the mechanism of the universe. We seem often to be only as the small teeth on the cog wheels of human and cosmic life, rotating upon one another to move some other set of wheels and thus transmit power, vitality and growth to an infinite number of revolving wheels. Now and then some of us rebel against a cruel, at least an undesirable, fate or destiny. We aspire to some higher existence than that of the beast; we want to be something more than merely a part of a cog wheel; we have an ambition to be a power that moves the wheel, to be a conscious and active directing force, not a mere passive piece of mechanism. We wish to be not the clay that is moulded, but the potter who designs and executes the plan. In our better hours we reach out to such an ideal life that is far above our material, worldly existence, with its constant round of toil and care, coupled with only a modicum of pleasure.

It is such an ideal that reconciles us to the most bitter disappointments. It is the buoy that keeps us afloat in the tempestuous sea of life until some unexpected help comes to our rescue. The man without an ideal is lost in this sordid, selfish and cold-hearted world. He is subject to despondency, despair and a broken spirit that often follows bitter disappointment, and to the loss of health, happiness and fortune as a result of the deceit and ingratitude of selfish and treacherous friends.

At such a time the words "Go forth and stand on the mountain top before the Lord" appeal to us with a wonderful force. Get thee out of the slough of despair, out of the valley where dwell the narrow and the evil minded, and stand on the heights of the ideal life, with the great and the good, before the Lord. This ideal fortifies the soul, brushes aside the brooding care, drives away the lowering clouds and sends a ray of sunshine into our dark surroundings. We begin to feel that what we have lost is not all of life: there are still health, happiness and fortune in store for us; that the sea is never drained; that new friends can be made in place of the old; that all truth and justice, all appreciation and sympathy are not destroyed; that new love can grow even from the grave of a dead affection. The ideal gives new zest to life, a new halo to our surroundings. It spells new opportunity and undying hope.

For the Queen's Nurses.

The King and Queen received at Buckingham Palace, on May 21 a deputation from the committee of the Queen's Nurses' Endowment Fund, says The London Express, who handed over to their Majesties £84,000—made up by the subscriptions of four million contributors—which is the women's memorial to the late Queen, and will be devoted to the endowment of the "Queen Victoria Jubilee Nurses" Institute, towards which £70,000 was similarly collected in connection with the jubilee of 1887. After the deputation had been separately presented to the King and Queen, who cordially shook hands with all, the Marchioness of Londonderry handed to his Majesty a draft for £66,050, subscribed in England and Wales and by British residents abroad, together with a roll recording the names of the contributing counties and boroughs, and other details. The Countess of Cadogan, on behalf of Ireland, followed with a certificate for £5,874 3s 10d. The Duchess of Buccleuch had already presented the Scottish collection, which amounted to £12,000.

Their Majesties, having endorsed each document with their names, the King replied in the following terms:—"I congratulate you on the success of your kindly labors, and I am very glad that so large a sum has been contributed to so worthy an object as the Queen's nurses. It is an additional pleasure to the Queen and myself that this sum should have been collected as a memorial to my beloved mother."

The Queen, as patron of the Queen's nurses, also briefly expressed her thanks, and the deputation withdrew.

They Knew About It.

The Chicago Tribune is responsible for the following, which is applicable to others than those who live in that city.

"Say, boys," he broke in, "poor Jimmy Turner's dead."

Jimmy Turner was a jockey and trainer well known on western tracks, and each member of the party heaved a preliminary sigh of regret at his taking off. But not one of them was surprised. Not at all. Quite to the contrary. Every one of them had foreseen and predicted it time after time.

"Well, I'm not a bit surprised," said the first man. "The last time I saw Jimmy he looked mighty bad to me. Kind of peaked about the eyes——"

"Yes," said the second man, breaking in, "and he's had that hectic flush on his cheeks for the last two months."

"I was telling my wife yesterday," went on the third member of the wise men's association, "that poor Jimmy wasn't long for this world. How long was he sick?

"About a minute," said the newcomer. "He was run over and killed by a passenger train."

Should Have Been Spanked.

Before the Windsor Magistrates, The London Star says, a youth, aged thirteen, was charged with theft. Chief Constable Nicholls gave the lad a bad character, and said he threw knives at his mother and father, and looked them in rooms until they gave him money. The

The Desperado:—You can 'ammer for a week, but I don't let you out under a tanner.—London Star.

father said that once the boy locked some visitors in a room, prevented them catching a train, and demanded money before he would let them free. The Bench sent this promising youth to a reformatory school.

Austrian Army Suicides.

Statistics of suicide in the Austro-Hungarian army tell a dark story. Even among the civilian population of that empire the percentage of suicides is high—1.63 per 10,000 inhabitants, as against 0.76 in Britain, though still lower than Germany, whose percentage is 2.71. Austrian army suicides, however, are equal to those of any three other European armies put together. Britain's army of free men does not weary of its own existence. The percentage is 2.06 per 10,000, while in the Austrian army it rises to 12.56, even double that of the German army, which may be described as a bad second, with a rate of 6.32.

Relics of Ancient London.

According to London papers, recently to hand, the workmen employed in the demolitions on the site of the new Sessions House in the Old Bailey have unearthed a portion of the old Roman wall immediately behind the "Dead-man's Walk," the burial-place for executed malefactors. A substantial piece of the old wall was known to exist at the back of Newgate, and there is a special clause in the contract for the present works there providing for the careful preservation of the relic. The old wall formerly ran almost parallel with the Old Bailey. The structure of the wall can be plainly seen on examination of the portion now unearthed, which is built of ragstone, flint, and lime, and bonded at intervals with courses of plain and curved edged tiles. The bastion at St. Giles' Church, Cripplegate, the fragment in the street known as London Wall, and a portion in George street, Tower Hill, are the only other traces on a large scale now left of the Roman structure. The wall was built about 305 A.D. by the Emperor Constantine, to keep out the hordes of Picts and Scots, at which time, north of the wall, was a huge forest tract infested with wild beasts. The wall was afterwards (about 370 A.D.) repaired by Theodocius, a General of the Emperor Valentinian. Old Roman London was scarcely larger than Hyde Park. Its level was eighteen feet below the present level of Cheapside. The distance from north at London Wall, to south, at the Thames, was half a mile, and from east, at the Tower, to west, at Ludgate, about one mile. The gates on the old wall were Bridgegate, Ludgate, Bishopsgate, Aldersgate and Aldgate.

For the Farmer.

A simple way to test the quality of oil cake is to throw a few handfuls of the ground article into boiling water and let it cool. The amount of scum on the top will show the oil, along with the straws, chaff and light weed seeds contained in it; the sediment at the bottom will show the sand and dirt, while the odor will indicate whether it is made of sound or inferior seed. This last point is a very important one.

Potato-growing.

Few people study into the reasons for doing a thing, and instead of doing their work according to reason many do it according to "grandfather's rule," handed down from bygone days. When the soil was new, full of humus and plant food, and was light and loose, the roots could get through it to great lengths easily, and if cut off by a careless cultivator could get plenty of food in the circumscribed area; but now our soils have been robbed of all material which holds them up and keeps them mellow, and are sadly deficient in available plant food, so that a larger area is required to grow the plant, and an injury to the roots causes a failure of food and a lessening of the yield.

The ploughing between the rows and extensive hilling once in fashion is not the best method for the present time, and certainly is not the cheapest. It is said that when the potatoes were brought back to their native home from Ireland the practice of hilling was brought with them. I know of no other reason for it. In that country they made hills, to get them up out of the too moist soil; here we need more moisture as a rule. The roots are the means by which food is obtained; to cut off roots is to cut off food supply. The roots as they become old and tough lose the power to take in food, and the process is continued further out where they are smaller. The older the plant the further from the base is the food obtained. The growth and length of the roots are very great.

When the foliage is not more than ten inches high the roots are eighteen inches long; later they are from three to five feet. Should one wash away the dirt carefully and get all the roots without breaking them, they would make a rope larger than a braid of a woman's hair. It is safe to say that by midsummer there is not an inch of soil in a potato field that is not filled with the roots. No deep cultivation can be given at this time without injury. Once I grew 150 bushels an acre without any cultivating at all. Potatoes grow in spite of, not because of, cultivation.

We cultivate to keep down weeds, to break up the crust and preserve the water supply, not to make potatoes grow. If you do not believe it, plant some and cover with straw, and see. The method which will do all of these things best, quickest and cheapest, without injuring the root growth, is the one we want and are seeking.

The previous preparation has much to do with the methods we can use, and the after treatment should always be kept in mind when planting any crop. Potatoes that are planted shallow must be hilled up some or they will be sunburned; hence, level culture requires deeper planting. The new tubers are always attached to the stalk, and are always above the seed piece planted. Therefore, a shallow-planted potato must be covered by hilling to keep the new tubers covered. This hilling not only cuts off the roots, but gives the sun a chance to dry out the sides of the hills and decrease the yield.

Where the mark was shallow and the soil was not very mellow, I would plough deep between the rows with a one-horse plough or cultivator with very sharp teeth the minute the potatoes begin to come up and before the roots are long. I would turn the dirt onto them and completely cover the just protruding top. This will smother small weeds, cover them deeper and loosen the soil between the rows all at one operation; but the weeder across the rows should follow at once, to level and loosen the dirt that is on the plants. If you have no weeder use a harrow with "pig" teeth.

The roots are the canals and the water the agent which carries the food through them to the foliage. One must dig up the soil well, so the canal can get through it, and so the capillary action will furnish water. This cultivation must be done, for no one ever succeeded in growing a good crop in hard soil, and it must be done before the canal is made (grown) or it will be destroyed. After the first deep, thorough work, twice in a row, the teeth should not go deeper than two inches again at any time.

Where the tubers are covered four inches deep, as they should be, they should be harrowed with a smoothing harrow, or a spring tooth with teeth set shallow, twice before they come up. This will not tear them out; do not be afraid of it. Let the team walk between the rows and not step on the hills. When they come up the ground should be as clean of weeds and as level as a house floor, mellow as a garden and the undersoil moist. After they are two inches high and have turned green, harrow or cultivate and follow with a weeder. Always use a weeder across the rows, as it will level down the dirt which is worked toward the plants, is less likely to cover with stone and takes out the weeds better. Work over the potatoes often enough to keep any crust from forming, to keep sprouting weeds killed, and raise a dust to drive away flea beetles.

Unless compelled by the manner of planting, do not hill up at all. The workings will work up a little soil, and there will be a rounded surface toward the plant, but no deep trenches. By this method of using the team harrows and weeder the cost of cultivating should be only a few dollars an acre; for a boy, who costs 50 cents, and the team will harrow ten or twelve acres a day, and do it better than any man and cultivator.

The great trouble with all ordinary cultivation is that the weeds in the hill and the crust on it are not broken, and both cause a loss, that the cost is too great and too much time is taken. To grow potatoes at from 10 to 20 cents a bushel we must adopt improved methods.—G. E. Chapman, in N. Y. "Tribune Farmer."

Antarctic Exploration.

We have yet to get many of the details of what the Discovery has achieved in the Antarctic for exploration and science, says The London Chronicle. Moreover, when the relief ship Morning left her, bringing news to New Zealand, she had only half done her work. We know enough, however, to be able to say that the present British Antarctic expedition will rank as one of the most notable in the history of polar travel and research. Captain Scott and his comrades of the great sledge journey got nearer to the south pole by two hundred miles than anybody has been before. They reached 82 deg. 17 S., and it is not impossible that during their second year's stay in these regions they may contrive to surpass this record. Then land has been found at the extremity of the ice barrier, and it has been made clear that Mounts Erebus and Terror form part of an island set in a strait, and not, as once had been thought, part of a solid Antarctic continent. Altogether, a very remarkable addition is likely to be made to our knowledge of the Antarctic, and so to our full understanding of the globe, when the Discovery comes back from the wilderness of ice which has closed around her. Her equipment for her mission is in singular contrast for its completeness to that of the craft which first sailed to the far south. Chronicles of them go back to the early part of the eighteenth century, and suggest the names of George Shelvoke and Lozier Bouvet of Crozet, James Cook and Furneaux. The nineteenth century brings us to Bellinghausen, the Russian, to Charles Wilkes, the American, and in particular to the expedition, in the years 1839-41, of Sir James Ross. He discovered Victoria Land, christened Mounts Erebus and Terror after his own ships, and reached as far towards the south pole as 78 deg. 10. In 1874 Sir George Nares, with the Challenger, first crossed the Antarctic Circle by steam, and in recent years there have been the expeditions of the Belgica and of the Southern Cross, the latter fitted out by Sir George Newnes, and commanded by Mr. C. E. Borchgrevink, who penetrated to 78 deg. 50 south. With the coming of the twentieth century there also came a revival of Antarctic exploration, on what may fairly be called the grand scale. Scottish, German and Swedish expeditions are all at present probing the secrets of the far south, and all in such a way that they work in with the larger undertaking organized by the Royal Geographical Society. The Discovery took the route of the Ross Sea, while the Scotia approached the polar ice from the direction of the Falkland Islands. The Swedish vessel Antarctic went by Cape Horn and Graham Land, and the German ship Gauss by Kerguelen. "The main objects," said Sir Clements Markham, discussing Antarctic exploration before the Discovery sailed from England, "are to determine as far as possible the extent and nature of the south polar land, to ascertain the nature of its glaciation and the condition of the ice-cap, to observe the character of the underlying rocks and to make a magnetic survey south of 40 deg., S. Much importance is also attached to the meteorological observations, and especially to meteorological observations south of 74 deg. Deep-sea soundings, with temperatures, are also to be taken, and biological observations are to be made." Here was work enough for the Discovery. She sailed from England in July, 1901, for New Zealand. At Lyttleton Captain Scott made his final preparations and then steamed south into the icy unknown. During the ensuing Antarctic summer she visited Cape Adare, Wood Bay, and Cape Crozier, and made a far-reaching cruise eastward along the ice barrier. The coast was followed to latitude 76 deg., longitude 152 deg. 30 min., or about 150 miles beyond the furthest point previously reached in this direction. The land discovered in the extremity of the ice barrier was extensive and rugged, peaks and mountains rising from it into the clear Antarctic sky. Returning westward, the Discovery eventually found excellent winter quarters—she was still frozen in when the Morning left—in the vicinity of Mount Erebus, where McMurdo Bay is indicated on the map. "Here," Sir Clements Markham had said, speaking in anticipation, "there is probably a better climate than at Cape Adare, because it is within the anticyclonic region." It has now been ascertained that McMurdo Bay is really a strait, and valuable observations have been made as to the volcanic Mounts Erebus and Terror. Only smoke, not fire, seems to have been seen issuing from them, and by it the officers and crew of the Discovery could tell the direction of the wind. A trying but valuable sledge expedition was made to Mount Terror by a party under Lieutenant Royds. The log-books of the Discovery also record a fine piece of work by Lieutenants Armitage and Skelton, who were away twenty-one days exploring the western range of Antarctic mountains. Greatest of all in this ice travelling was, of course, the journey southward of Captain Scott's own party. If they got nearer by 207 miles—that seems to be as exact a calculation as can be made at the moment—to the south pole than anybody has been before, they assuredly did it by heroic toil and endurance. Exposure almost cost one of them his life, and as their dogs died they had themselves to drag the sledges back to the Discovery. Her people will have adventures enough to tell as well as a mine of information to give the world. We shall have the evidence which points to the ice barrier being afloat, though connected with the land ice. Again, a Victoria Land traversed by ranges of high mountains will mean new marks on the south polar map. Within the present month the full despatches brought by the Morning from the Discovery will be available in England. The intention is to make their contents public at a meeting of the Geographical Society held for the purpose. It is possible that the King or the Prince of Wales may be present at this meeting.

Aliens in Britain.

The President of the Local Government Board has furnished Sir Howard Vincent, M.P., with the result of the inquiries he has made concerning the destitute aliens relieved from the British poor rate in England and Wales during the year 1902. The result is not less remarkable than that shown by Mr. Akers-Douglas' recent census of the foreigners in his Majesty's prisons. That showed a total of nearly seven hundred criminal aliens, maintained by the British taxpayer at a cost estimated at £30,000 a year, apart from their depredations and the expense of law and police. Four thousand six hundred and eighteen destitute aliens were granted poor-law relief last year. Of these, 1,929 were admitted as indoor cases, while 237 were sent to lunatic or imbecile asylums. London accounts in the total for 3,234 destitute aliens, of whom 1,210 were indoor and 168 lunatics, or idiots. The provinces afforded relief to 1,384 destitute aliens and 120 alien vagrants, and sent 69 to lunatic asylums. The greatest charge fell upon Liverpool, with 435 destitute aliens, of whom 391 were indoor and ten lunatic. Leeds was, however, a good second in this hospitality. Relief was afforded to 445 destitute aliens, but of these only 41 were admitted indoors. Twenty-four aliens, upon the other hand, were sent to the West Riding lunatic asylums. Birmingham Union comes third with 121 alien paupers. But Cardiff is only one point behind, with 120, of whom 84 were indoor and 27 lunatic. West Derby, Manchester, Salford and Prestwich come next in order, while the unions of Sheffield and Ecclesall maintain 21 aliens, including one idiot. The nationality of these 4,618 destitute aliens was thus made up:—Russians and Poles, 2,486; Germans, 710; Italians, 252; Austrians, 143; Roumanians, 63; other nationalities, 464. It is to be remembered that the poor law relief is entirely independent of that afforded by the Jewish Boards of Guardians and the Russo-Jewish Joint Committee, who relieved in the course of last year upwards of 6,000 destitute aliens in London alone. Last year the Home Office issued letters of British naturalization to upwards of 800 aliens, one-half of whom were Russians and Poles.

The statement is made that the first "black list of habitual drunkards" published in London under the new licensing law contains the names of three times as many women as men.

An Indian Postage Stamp.

We published recently, says The Daily Graphic, the accompanying facsimile of a postage stamp of the native Indian State of Bundi, in Rajputana, sent to us by Messrs. Whitfield King & Co. of Ipswich, who wrote:—"Unfortunately we can give you no translation of the inscription, nor a correct description of the central design, which looks to us like a one-eyed bandmaster repelling the attack of two

Facsimile of the Stamp—Daily Graphic.

abnormally big-headed calves, which are evidently intended to represent Indian sacred bulls."

Mr. J. V. Densal, writing from on board the steamship Oceana, off Port Said, has kindly sent us a translation of the inscription and an explanation of the design. He says:—

"The top line means the State of Bundi. The line under it consists of two letters forming one word, meaning 'one.' The line under the design also consists of two letters, making one word, 'anna.' The last line gives the year of the issue, Samvat, 1954,' corresponding with A.D. 1898. This is a one anna stamp, issued by the State of Bundi in 1898.

"The design, too, is simple. It is meant to represent the emblem of the particular sect of Hinduism to which the Chief of Bundi belongs. A bull is used as a conveyance by the Hindu god Siva, and the followers of that sect have bulls as their signs."

A Valuable Picture Refused.

There has just come to light in Bristol, England, an interesting romance of a picture. For some years there has been hanging in the Bristol Young Men's Christian Association a picture entitled "The Holy Family." The owner lent it for a long time, and once proposed that the association should buy it. He did not wish to drive a hard bargain. The picture was obviously a good one; it was six feet by four and a half feet. Would the committee like to buy it for £10? "If you would," he said, "I am so much in sympathy with your excellent work that I am willing to contribute £5 myself toward the purchase money." But the committee felt that they had more important demands for their £5 notes, and they replied accordingly. By and by the owner died, and the executors began to realize his estate. The picture was looked up and the work was ordered to be packed and sent to London for sale. Judge the satisfaction of the executors when they received an offer of £7,000 for it, and were advised not to sell under £10,000. Experts have identified the picture as from the brush of Pietro de Cortona, the great Italian painter of the early seventeenth century.

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder is better than other powders, as it is both soap and disinfectant. 34

GATHERED UP HERE AND THERE.

Church of England:

St. Martin's Church, cor. Third and Trainor streets. Sunday services, Matins at 11 a. m., Evensong 7:30 p. m. Celebration of Holy Communion, 1st Sunday in each month and on Special occasions. Sunday School, Sunday at 3 p. m. Committee Meetings, 1st Thursday in each month.

Rev. F. L. Stephenson, Rector.

St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church hold services in the Church on Second Street. Morning service at 11 evening service 7:30 Sunday School at the close of the morning service. Rev. E. Turkington, Minister. Free Reading Room, to which all are welcome.

Bicycles for rent—bicycle repairing—Pillman & Co.

Mr. R. I. B. Warton, solicitor and Notary Public has removed to new quarters on Pearl St.

Large shipment of Alarm, Mantle, Kitchen and Office Clocks just arrived at Jules Eggert's.

The Rev. John Pringle left on Monday for Dawson, he was well pleased with Atlin and somewhat surprised to note the great progress made here during his absence.

Just received a new line of dry goods and groceries at Pillman's.

Col. P. Russ, Harrisburg, Pa. and Mr. Selig Presser, Philadelphia, left on Monday's boat, they were cheered by the crowd on the wharf and hopes were expressed that they soon return. The Col. made quite an impression on our Atlin folks.

McDonald's Grocery makes a specialty of fresh eggs and butter.

At the Bakery on First St. you can get about the most dainty lunch ever offered in Camp; Mrs. Mackintosh and Miss Dickison certainly make the finest Bread, Cakes and Pastry and their Ice Cream is unexcelled.

Father LeChesne will hold Mass on Sunday in Mr. Jenn's house, corner of second and Trainor at 8 a. m.

Do not forget the meeting tonight at the Nugget Hall Discovery, 8:30 sharp.

The Hon. Richard McBride, Premier, and the Hon. A. E. McPhillips, Attorney General, will address the electors of the Atlin District.

Fishing Tackle of all kinds at C. R. Bourne's.

The Balmoral Hotel, of which Messrs. Anderson and Sabin are proprietors, is all newly finished and is probably the most comfortable and best equipped hotel in Discovery. It has in connection a fine Hall with imported fir floor and platform, suitable for meetings, dances and entertainments.

W. G. Paxton, Notary Public, intends being in Discovery every evening. — Office at Palmer's, opposite Nugget Hall.

The B. C. Power & Manf. Co. have finished work on their building and will be able to open up the Steam Laundry some time next week. A visit to the Laundry will convince any one of its up to date equipment. Charges will be moderate.

You will find a new line of stationary and confectionary at Pillman's.

Fresh fruits and vegetables received on every boat at Pillman & Co's.

J. T. Wilkinson is on his way to Atlin and will be here next week.

Large assortment of all kinds of Boots and Shoes just arrived at N. C. Wheeling & Co.s'

Fresh Lowney's Chocolates at C. R. Bourne's.

The Excursion on the Scotia, which was unavoidedly postponed, will take place next Sunday 16th. August, starting at 9 a. m., returning 6 p. m. Bring your luncheon.

In the County Court Of Vancouver Holden At Atlin Between John Kirkland of Atlin, B. C. Formerly Hotel Keeper but now a miner, Plaintiff, and G. Carson of Atlin B. C. Miner, Defendant, Before His Honor Judge Henderson in Chambers.

Wednesday the 12th day of August 1903.

Upon the application of the Plaintiff and upon hearing read the affidavit of John Kirkland and upon hearing Mr. Kappele of Counsel for the Plaintiff.

It is ORDERED that service of a copy of the summons and Plaint in this action by filing a copy of same in the office of the Registrar of this Court at the Court House in the City of Atlin and by posting a copy of same to the Defendant by registered mail addressed to him at Telegraph Creek be good and sufficient service of said summons and Plaint upon the said Defendant.

And it is Further Ordered that a copy of this order be inserted in two issues of the ATLIN CLAIM, a weekly paper published in the City of Atlin.

And it is Further Ordered that the defendant do appear to said summons and Plaint within two weeks after the service as aforesaid and within two weeks of the first publication in the ATLIN CLAIM as herein provided.

By the Court,
E. M. N. Woods,
Registrar.

A LETTER OF THANKS.

Discovery, Aug 12th. 1903

To the Miners and people of Discovery and vicinity.

I fail to find language to fully express my gratitude towards you for the aid that you so generously extended to me. While you have aroused my gratitude, you have also touched my feelings in a way that reminds me that I am no longer the healthy robust young man in the front rank, never before did I accept aid or assistance by the way of charity and it pains me now to think that my present condition permits me to accept your kind assistance.

Some of us fail in health earlier than others, and when we are whipped We may as well acknowledge it, and now knowing that I can no longer keep pace with the young miner of the frontier, it is perhaps my duty to step down and make room for some one that can.

I may never be able to return the assistance and kindness rendered me on this occasion, but my wishes will be for the good and welfare of the people of this Camp and I shall always remember you in my prayers.

E. L. Wilson.

A CARD TO THE PUBLIC.

The undersigned takes this method to present his sincere thanks to the firm of E. L. Pillman & Co. by whom he has been employed the past few summers for the many favors and acts of kindness done to him.

I have found them honest and square in all of their dealings and transactions, not only with me but with everybody.

My wishes are that they may succeed and prosper in all of their financial undertakings.

E. L. Wilson.

C. P. R. Co.,

—ALASKA ROUTE SAILINGS—

The following Sailings are announced for the month of June, leaving Skagway at 6 p.m., or on arrival of the train:

PRINCESS MAY	AMUR
July 21	July 27
,, 31	Aug. 5
Aug. 10	,, 15
,, 21	,, 25
,, 30	Sept. 4

For further information, apply or write to H. B. DUNN, Agent, Skagway, Alaska.

TAKE NOTICE.

We are still selling Mens' Furnishings, Boots and Shoes below cost prices.

A glance at our shelves will convince you that we carry the largest, cleanest, freshest and best selected stock of Fancy and Staple Groceries in the Camp. Prices are always right at the IRON STORE, call with your orders and be convinced.

STABLES & LUMSDEN.

GEORGE A. KERR & CO.

Clothing, Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Miners' Hardware, Drugs, Etc.

Furs bought at highest Market Prices

WE give special attention to Mail and Telegraphic Orders.

AGENTS FOR
Standard Oil Co.
Rose of Ellensbury Butter.
The Cudahy Packing Co.
Chase & Sanborn's Coffee.

Groceries, Fruit & Vegetables—Crockery,
Wholesale & Retail.

The Ross-Higgins Co.

Skagway, Alaska.

THE CASH MEAT MARKET

JOE BROOKS

FIRST STREET, Atlin.

I KEEP NONE BUT PRIME STOCK—LOWEST MARKET PRICES.

Wholesale and Retail

Russell Hotel,

DIXON BROTHERS, Proprietors

Pool & Billiards, Free.

Freighting and Teaming. Horses and Sleighs for Hire.

LOUIS SCHULZ,

Wholesale and Retail Butcher

FIRST STREET, ATLIN, B. C.

DAWSON HOTEL.

TAKU B. C.

CHOICEST WINES LIQUORS & CIGARS.

FIRST CLASS RESTAURANT.

HEADQUARTERS FOR FISHING & SHOOTING.

R. G. Ashton, Proprietor.

Northern Lumber Co.

Prices for the Season 1903.

Rough, up to 8 inches, $35.
do do 10 ,, 40.
do do 12 ,, 45.
Matched Lumber, $45.
Surfacing, $5.00 per 1000 feet.

HOTEL VANCOUVER.

THIS HOTEL IS STOCKED WITH THE BEST OF GOODS

Sam. Johnstone, Prop.